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DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

English Men of Action

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

First Edition March 1889
Reprinted August 1889, *April and October* 1890, 1891

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

BY

THOMAS HUGHES

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1891

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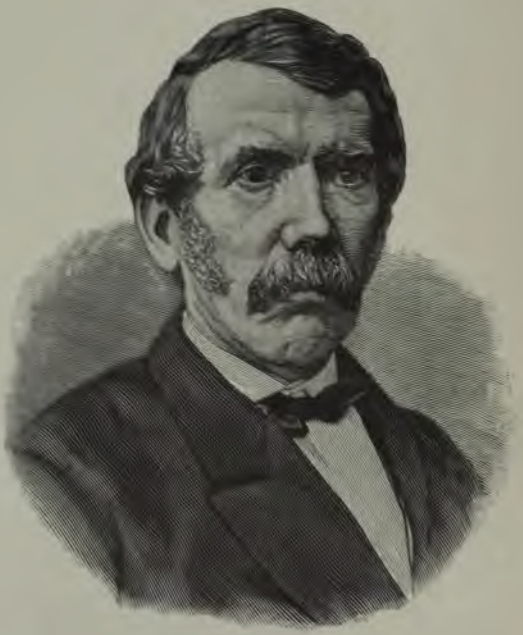

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Engraved by O. LACOUR after a Photograph by H. N. KING

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Gt
Professor Hereward T Price
11-16-44

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'Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

BURNS.

10°
0°
Equator
Ogowe R.
Livingstone Falls
Embomma
Banza Noki
CONGO
Congo or Livingstone R.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
St PAUL DE LOANDA
R. Coanza
10°
ORO Ins
Johanna I.
St PHILIP DE BENGUELA
BENGUELA
Nourse R.
C. Frio
20°
MADAGASCAR
Walvisch B.
Tropic of Capricorn
A MAP OF
SOUTHERN AFRICA
TO ILLUSTRATE
HUGHES'S LIFE OF LIVINGSTONE"
Scale of English Miles
0 100 200 300 400 500
Livingstone's first Expedition (Missionary Travels) thus
second (Zambesi & its tributaries)
last (Last Journals)
Missionary Stations thus, Masasi
30°
10° East of Greenwich
50°

CHAPTER I

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

1813-40

"My own inclination would lead me to say as little as possible about myself." With these words the greatest explorer of modern times begins that account of his missionary journeys and researches in South Africa which electrified England. The eager desire of his countrymen to know all they could about himself, induced him to modify his own inclination so far as to devote six pages of his famous book to the history of his family, and of the early years of his own life up to the time of his sailing for the Cape at the age of twenty-three. This reticence is as characteristic of the man as are the few facts he does disclose. Foremost of these stands: "My great-grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings, and my grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, where my father was born." Next comes: "The only point of the family tradition I feel proud of is this—one of these poor islanders, when he was on his deathbed, called his children round him and said, 'I have searched diligently through all the traditions of our family, and I never could find that there was a dishonest man amongst our forefathers. If, there-

fore, any of you should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood. I leave this precept with you. Be honest."

Since the days of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, it would be hard to find a more striking example of faithfulness to the "family motto" than David's life furnishes. A more perfect example of a downright simply honest life, whether in contact with queens or slave-boys, one may safely say, is not on record on our planet. Happily, in this instance, it is not difficult to supplement the meagre outline sketched by the man himself, from his own letters, and the reminiscences of playmates and school-fellows.

The son of the Culloden soldier, David's grandfather, finding the small farm in Ulva insufficient for the support of his large family, crossed into Lanark in 1792, and obtained a position of trust in the mills of H. Monteith and Co., at Blantyre, on the Clyde, above Glasgow. The French wars drew away all the sons but Neil into the army or navy. Neil, after serving an apprenticeship to David Hunter, tailor, and marrying his master's daughter, Agnes, in 1810, made a small business for himself as a travelling tea-merchant.

David Hunter was a great reader, especially of religious books, of which he had a small library, amongst them the works of the Rev. J. Campbell, South African missionary, *Travels among the Hottentots*, etc. These took a strong hold on his son-in-law Neil Livingstone, and in turn on his grandson David, our hero, Neil's second son, a boy of remarkable powers, physical and intellectual. He was born on March 19th, 1813, and before the age of ten had wandered over all the Clyde banks about Blantyre, and had begun to collect

and wonder at flowers and shells. He had also gained the prize for repeating the whole 119th Psalm "with only five hitches"! But, hard as he was in body and mind, he had a soft heart. He was watchful to lighten his mother's work when he could, generally sweeping and cleaning for her, "even under the door-mat," as she gratefully recorded, with the thoroughness which never left him. Happily for us all, no character is without its weak side, and even David would say, "Mother, if you'll bar the door, I'll scrub the floor for you," a concession this to the male prejudices of Blantyre which he would not have made in later life.

In another direction also a satisfactory gleam of human weakness is recorded, in that Davie not only climbed to a higher point in the ruins of Bothwell Castle than any other boy, but carved his name up there.

At ten the boy went into the cotton-mills as a piecer, from which time he maintained himself, and found money for books such as only Scotch peasants are in the habit of buying voluntarily. Out of his first week's wages he bought Ruddiman's *Rudiments*, and from that time pursued the study of Latin with his usual steadfastness. His factory work began at six A.M. and lasted till eight P.M., when Davie went to his Latin, as soon as he had had his tea, until ten with the schoolmaster provided for the work-people by their employers, and afterwards at home till midnight, or until his mother put out his candle. But though he thus became able to read his Virgil and Horace easily before he was sixteen, his chief delight was in science. He managed to scour the country for the simples mentioned in the first medical treatise he became possessed of, Culpepper's *Herbal*, "that extraordinary old

work on astrological medicine." "I got as deep into that abyss of fantasies," he records, "as my author said he dared to lead me." It seemed perilous ground to tread on further, indeed the dark hint of selling soul and body to the devil loomed up before Davie's youthful mind. On one of his exploring rambles, in company with two brothers, one now in Canada and the other a clergyman in the United States—"from which we generally returned so hungry and tired that the embryo parson often shed tears"—they came on a limestone quarry. "It is impossible to describe the wonder with which I began to collect the shells in the carboniferous limestone. A quarryman watched me with the pitying eye which the benevolent assume when viewing the insane. 'However,' said I, 'did those shells come into those rocks?' 'When God made the rocks He made the shells in them,' was the damping reply."

Without going more deeply into astronomical botany or other cabalistic lore than became a young Highlander whose father had left the Established Church and become deacon of an Independent Chapel, Davie managed in his Saturday half-holidays, and the rare occasions when a flood of the Clyde stopped the mills—an occurrence which, in spite of his thrift, he could not help rejoicing in—to make notable collections of the flora of Lanarkshire, and the fossils of the carboniferous limestone, while devouring his classics and all the poets he was allowed to read. One can only regret that Deacon Neil's principles forbade novels, so that his great son never read the Waverley series till many years later. "My reading in the factory," he says, "was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning jenny, so that I could

catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work. I thus kept a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of machinery. To this I owe the power of completely abstracting my mind, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children or the dancing and song of savages."

It must not be inferred, however, that Davie was a mere precocious bookworm, and averse to such sport as could be had. On the contrary, he delighted in rough play, ducking his comrades in fun as he swam past them in the Clyde, in whose waters he was a skilful fisher. In those early days the trout, and all other fish but salmon, were unpreserved. One day Davie caught a fine salmon. Luckily brother Charlie wore on that day a large pair of the family trousers, in a leg of which the "muckle fush" was smuggled home. The deacon forgave them, after stern monition to take no more salmon —and, the family ate this one for supper.

At the age of nineteen he was promoted to be a spinner. The work was very severe, but so much better paid that he could now earn enough in the rest of the year to enable him to attend the Medical and Greek Classes in the winter, and Divinity Lectures in the summer, at Glasgow University. "Looking back now at that period of toil," he writes in 1874, "I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education, and were I to begin life over again, I should like to pass through the same hardy training." This simple and honest pride in poverty was strong in him. "My own order, the honest poor," were familiar words with him; and, when asked to change "and" for "but" in the last line of the epitaph which he put over

his parents' grave in Hamilton Cemetery, pointedly refused. It ran:—

TO SHOW THE RESTING-PLACE OF
NEIL LIVINGSTONE
AND AGNES HUNTER, HIS WIFE,
AND TO EXPRESS THE THANKFULNESS TO GOD
OF THEIR CHILDREN
JOHN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES, AND AGNES,
FOR POOR AND PIOUS PARENTS.

So David Livingstone grew up in his relations with the visible world of which he became so earnest and profound a student. But, after all, this is but the husk of men's lives, and we must turn to the kernel—that which must hold converse of some kind with the invisible, whether we like it or not—before we can form a clear picture of any boy or man for ourselves. "Great pains had been taken by my parents," he writes, "to instil the doctrines of Christianity into my mind, and I had no difficulty in understanding the theory of free salvation by the atonement of our Saviour." This being so, the boy, though obedient, as a rule, to his father, and even trudging with pleasure the three miles to chapel with him on Sundays, resolutely preferred books of travel and science to *The Cloud of Witnesses*, or *The Fourfold State*, which the deacon desired him to study instead of the dangerous literature to which he was given. "My difference of opinion reached the point of open rebellion, and his last application of the rod was when I refused to read Wilberforce's *Practical Christianity*." This dislike of religious reading continued for years, but "having lighted on those admirable works of Dr. Thomas Dick, *The Philosophy of Religion* and *The Philosophy of a Future State*, it was gratifying to find that he had enforced my

own conviction that religion and science were friendly to one another." Neither he nor any of his biographers give the date of this conversion, as it proved to be. It would seem, however, to have been connected, if it did not coincide, with the establishment by Deacon Neil of a missionary society in their village. By this means David became acquainted with the history of Moravian missions, and the lives of Henry Martyn and other devoted men, amongst which that of Charles Gutzlaff, the medical missionary to China, impressed him most strongly. He had already resolved to give to the cause of missions all he might earn beyond what was necessary for his subsistence, when an appeal by Gutzlaff to the Churches of Britain and America for aid in China, determined him to devote, not his surplus earnings, but his own life to this work, and "from this time my efforts were constantly devoted towards this object without any fluctuation." At first he resolved to accomplish his object of going as a medical missionary to China by his own efforts, but, by the advice of friends, he joined himself to the London Missionary Society, whose object—"to send neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency, but the Gospel of Christ to the heathen—exactly agreed with my ideas. But I had never received a farthing from any one, and it was not without a pang that I offered myself, for it was not agreeable for one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent on others." His application was accepted, and he was summoned to London.

On September 1st, 1838, he reached London, to be examined by the Mission Board, and at the Aldersgate Street office met Joseph Moore, the Tahiti missionary,

who had come from the West of England on the same errand. They became close friends at once, and nine years later Livingstone wrote: "Of all those I have met since we parted, I have seen no one I can compare to you for true hearty friendship." Both young men were in London for the first time. On their first Sunday they worshipped in St. Paul's; and on the Monday passed their examination, and were accepted as probationers. On the Tuesday they began sight-seeing, and went first to Westminster Abbey. Livingstone was never known to enter it again alive, but on April 18th, 1874, his bones were laid there in the central nave, in the presence of a mourning nation, and of the faithful servants who had carried them from Lake Bangweolo, through forest and swamp, and hostile and superstitious tribes.

After their provisional acceptance Livingstone and Moore were sent to Mr. Cecil's, at Chipping Ongar, in Essex, on a three months' probation. There part of their work was to prepare sermons, which, after correction by their tutor, were learnt by heart and delivered to the village congregation. One Sunday Livingstone was sent over to preach at Stanford for a minister who was ill. "He took his text," Mr. Moore reports, "read it out very deliberately, and then—then—his sermon had fled. Midnight darkness came upon him, and he abruptly said, 'Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say,' and hurrying out of the pulpit, left the chapel."

Tutor Cecil, owing to Livingstone's break-down in preaching and his hesitation in conducting family prayers, sent a report to the Board which had nearly ended his connection with the London Missionary Society, but an extension of his probation was granted,

and at the end of another two months he was fully accepted. He now went to London to walk the hospitals, while his friend was sent to Cheshunt College. From thence Moore wrote to him to get him a second-hand carpet for his room. But David was quite scandalised at such effeminacy, and "positively refused to gratify my wish."

He continued his medical studies till November 1840, when, on the eve of his ordination, he ran down to Glasgow to obtain his diploma. Here again there had nearly been a miscarriage. His own account of it runs: "Having finished the medical curriculum, and presented a thesis which required the use of the stethoscope for its diagnosis, I unwittingly procured myself an examination rather more severe than usual in consequence of a difference of opinion between me and the examiners as to whether the instrument could do what was asserted. However, I was admitted a Licentiate of Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, and it was with unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavours to lessen human woe." This was on November 16th, on the evening of which day he went home. There David proposed to sit up all night, as he had to leave for London in the early morning, but this his mother would not hear of. He and his father talked till midnight of the prospects of Christian missions. The family were up to breakfast at five. "Mother made coffee," his sister writes; "David read the 121st and 135th Psalms, and prayed. My father and he walked to Glasgow to catch the Liverpool steamer." On the Broomielaw father and son parted, and never met again.

After that first parting David never was in native Blantyre again except for a few hours, but the memory of his first home lingered lovingly in his mind, as it does in that of all true men. "Time and travel," he wrote thirty years later, "have not effaced the feelings of respect I imbibed for the inhabitants of my native village." Two of these he has immortalised. "David Hogg, who addressed me on his deathbed with the words, 'Now, lad, make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you don't, temptations and other things will get the better of you,' and Thomas Burke, an old Forty-Second Peninsular soldier, who has been incessant and never wearying in good works for about forty years. . . . The villagers furnished a proof that education did not render them an unsafe portion of the population. They much respected those of the neighbouring gentry, who, like the late Lord Douglas, placed some confidence in their sense of honour. Through his kindness, the poorest amongst us could stroll at pleasure over the ancient domains of Bothwell, and other spots hallowed by venerable associations; and few of us could view these dear memorials of the past without feeling that these monuments were our own. The mass of the working people of Scotland have read history, and are no levellers. They rejoice in the memories of Wallace and Bruce, 'and a' the lave.' While foreigners imagine we want the spirit to overturn aristocracy, we in truth hate those stupid revolutions which sweep away time-honoured institutions, dear alike to rich and poor."

On November 20th he was ordained a missionary in London, and on December 8th, 1840, sailed for Algoa Bay on board the *George*, Captain Donaldson.

CHAPTER II

START IN AFRICA—KURUMAN

1840-43

UP to the eve of his ordination Livingstone was bent on going to China. The opium-war was still dragging on, but this would not have deterred so resolute a man had not a new and most powerful influence been brought to bear on him at this crisis. One evening Dr. Moffat, the Nestor of African Missions, who was in England on a visit, called at Mrs. Sewell's in Aldersgate Street, where Livingstone and other young missionaries boarded. The younger man was at once deeply interested and attracted, attended all Dr. Moffat's public meetings, and ended by asking whether the Doctor thought he might do for Africa. "Yes," was the reply; "if you won't go to an old station, but push on to the vast unoccupied district to the north, where on a clear morning I have seen the smoke of a thousand villages, and no missionary has ever been." It was with this counsel in his mind that David embarked on the *George* sailing packet for Algoa Bay on December 8th, 1840.

The voyage of five months was unsatisfactory to the ardent young missionary. The captain indeed "rigged out the ship for church on Sundays," but no good came

of it that Livingstone could see; and he wrote sorrowfully in his first despatch to his Directors, that "no spiritual good had been done to any one on board." The long voyage, however, round by Rio de Janeiro, was of great value to himself. For he made a close friend of Captain Donaldson, who gave him lessons in the use of the quadrant, often sitting up till midnight to perfect his pupil in taking lunar observations.

The Cape, where the *George* was detained for a month, proved a sad disappointment. He found the missionaries not only too many for the work, but a divided body, some sympathising with the colonists, some with the natives. His host was Dr. Philip, the agent of the Society for payment of salaries, who had also a discretionary power to make advances for the building of churches, schools, and houses at mission stations. Livingstone had heard in England that the Doctor was a spiritual despot, influenced in this direction by his wife. "I came full of prejudice against them," he writes to his friend and tutor the Rev. R. Cecil, "and I left them with my prejudices completely thawed, my fears allayed, and my mind imbued with great respect for the upright Christian character they both exhibited during the whole of my stay. . . . I have no doubt they have erred in the manner in which they have exercised their power, but sure I am that no one who knows them can say that the errors have been committed from any other motive than a sincere desire to advance the cause of Christ, and a deep conviction that the particular mode of appropriation adopted would best effect that object."

The Doctor had also a church at Cape Town, in which Livingstone preached, with the result that one part of

the congregation accused him of heterodoxy to the Doctor, "while others requested the notes of my sermon, expressing a determination to act more than they had done on the principle I had inculcated. My theme was the necessity of adopting the benevolence of the Son of God as the governing principle of our conduct. . . . My way of putting this roused the indignation of these worthies, who seem much more fearful of heterodoxy in sentiment than heterodoxy in practice. . . . It is a house divided against itself. . . . They do all in their power to insult the Doctor and render his old age bitter. . . . They don't deserve a good pastor, and I don't see anything for them but dissolution, and being remodelled."

So at the month's end he sailed on in the *George* to Algoa Bay, leaving behind him at the Cape a reputation for independence and heterodoxy, which, as we shall see, rose up against him nine years later, in the great crisis of his life, when he brought his family down to embark them for England, before starting on his first great journey to the west coast. On leaving the *George* at Algoa Bay he started at once in an ox-waggon for Dr. Moffat's station at Kuruman, seven hundred miles up the country, which he reached on May 31st, 1841. The fascination of African travel came on him at once. "I like this travelling very much indeed. There is so much freedom in our African manners. We pitch our tent, make our fire, wherever we choose; walk, ride, or shoot at all sorts of game, as our inclination leads us; but there is a great drawback—we can't study or read as we please. I feel this very much, and have made very little progress in the language." As to the work of the

Missions he passed he could write: "The full extent of the benefit received can be understood only by those who witness it in contrast with places which have not been so highly favoured. Everything I witnessed surpassed my hopes. If this is a fair sample, the statements of the missionaries as to their success are far within the mark." Again to Mr. Cecil: "I like the country well. It is very like Scotland in appearance, and the Hottentots are far superior in attainments to what I had expected. I travelled four days in the waggon of one of them, and was much struck with all their conduct, particularly the manner in which they conducted family worship, morning and evening. It reminded me forcibly of the old Covenanters praising God amongst their native wilds. At Hankey their operations for the temporal benefit of their families, and their Christian deportment, are truly delightful. They have a prayer meeting every morning at four o'clock, well attended."

He found at Kuruman no instructions from his Directors, and was thus left with a free hand. While beginning at once to practise as a doctor, his first aim was to learn the language, in which he made rapid progress; his next, to look round for the best place to open a new station to the north, as Dr. Moffat had suggested. With this view he started in the later autumn with another missionary and several native agents, and made a circuit amongst the Bakwains and other tribes. The result was, a conviction that no time was to be lost, and great confidence in himself and his methods. Griqua hunters and others were spreading prejudicial reports against the missionaries, who were putting down polygamy, drunkenness, and marauding

in and round Kuruman. His frank treatment of the natives, and skill in healing their ailments, did much to counteract these slanders. He got back to Kuruman by Christmas, having, however, promised the Bakwains to return shortly. "When about 150 miles from home we came to a large village. The chief had sore eyes: I doctored them, and he fed us pretty well, and sent a fine buck after me as a present. When we got 10 or 12 miles on the way, a little girl eleven or twelve years old came up, and sat down under my waggon, having run away with the purpose of coming with us to Kuruman, where she had friends. She had lived with a sister lately dead. Another family took possession of her for the purpose of selling her as soon as she was old enough for a wife, but not liking this she determined to run away. With this intention she came, and thought of walking all the way behind my waggon. I was pleased with the determination of the little creature and gave her food, but before long heard her sobbing violently as if her heart would break. On looking round I observed the cause. A man with a gun had been sent after her, and had just arrived. I did not know well what to do, but was not in perplexity long, for Pomare, a native convert who accompanied us, started up and defended her. He, being the son of a chief, and possessed of some little authority, managed the matter nicely. She had been loaded with beads, to render her more attractive and fetch a higher price. These she stripped off and gave to the man. I afterwards took measures for hiding her, and if fifty men had come they would not have got her."

After a short rest at Kuruman he secluded himself for six months from all but native society at a place

called Lepeloh, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the habits, laws, and language of the Bakwains—an ordeal which proved of great advantage to him.

"I am glad," he writes to Mr. Cecil at this time, "I can anticipate the commencement of something permanent in my work. I think Mrs. Cecil will laugh when I tell you I am become a poet. I want to tell you, however, and not by way of boasting, but that you may know I have made some progress in the language. I suppose you have been apprehensive that I should not acquire it, I being such a poor hand at languages when with you; but having made, or rather translated, some very good English hymns into Sechuana rhyme, six of them have been adopted and printed by the French missionaries. If they had been bad I don't see that they could have had any motive for using them. I can speak it now with ease, but I am yet far from perfection. This, however, I am not ashamed to own; for, after such a great man as Mr. Moffat is, and twenty years resident in the country, he is not yet perfect. He has put some shocking blunders into the Testament: the word used for 'accuse,' for instance, always means the very opposite of what he intends, and this when there are several other words which express it pointedly."

After this seclusion he started again, to keep his promise of revisiting the Bakwains, and found himself already a power in the country. The sick and curious crowded his waggon in the villages, but not an article was stolen. He even succeeded in getting the people of Bubr, a friendly chief, to dig a canal. "The Doctor and rainmaker amongst these people are one and the same person. As I did not like to be behind my

professional brethren I declared I could make rain too, not, however, by enchantment like them, but by leading out their river for irrigation. The idea took mightily, and to work we went instanter. Even the chief's own doctor went at it, laughing heartily at the cunning of the foreigner who can make rain so. We have only one spade, and this without a handle, but yet by sticks sharpened we have dug a pretty long canal. The earth was lifted out in 'goupens' and carried to the huge dam we have built in karosses, tortoise-shells, or wooden boats. This is, I believe, the first instance in which Bechuanas have been got to work without wages." The earlier missionaries, he wrote at this time, had gone on wrong lines. "If these people perceive any one in the least dependent on them they begin to tyrannise. I am trying a different plan. I make my presence with any of them a favour, and when they show any impudence I threaten to leave them, and if they don't amend I go. They are in one sense fierce, and in another the greatest cowards in the world. By a bold free course among them I have had not the least difficulty in managing the most fierce. A kick would, I am persuaded, quell the courage of the bravest of them. Add to this the report, which many of them believe, that I am a great wizard, and you will understand how I can with great ease visit any of them."

Farther on he came to the Bamangwato, and was favourably received by their chief Sekomi. Here he stayed for some time, and Sekomi one day having sat some time in deep thought said, "'I wish you would change my heart. Give me medicine to change it, for it is proud, proud and angry, angry always.' I lifted up the Testament and was about to tell him of the only

way in which the heart can be changed, but he interrupted me with, 'Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine, to drink and have it changed at once, for it is always very proud and very uneasy, always angry with some one,' and then rose and went away."

His next halt was with the Bakaa, a tribe who had recently murdered a trader and his company. All but the chief and his two attendants fled at first, but seeing the Doctor eat and afterwards sleep, came back and attended a service. "I had more than ordinary pleasure in telling these murderers of the precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. I bless God that he has conferred on me the privilege and honour of being the first messenger of mercy that ever trod these regions. Its being also the first occasion on which I had ventured to address a number of Bechuanas in their own tongue, renders it to myself one of peculiar interest. . . . When I left, the chief sent his son and a number of his people to see me safe part of the way to the Makalaka."

His oxen sickened, and most of the rest of the journey was done on foot. "Some of those who had recently joined us, and did not know that I understood a little of their language, were overheard by me discussing my appearance. 'He is not strong, he is quite slim, and only seems stout because he puts himself into those bags' (trousers); 'he will soon knock up.' This made my Highland blood rise, and I kept them all at the top of their speed for days together, until I heard them express a favourable opinion of my pedestrian powers."

Still no definite instructions came from home, so making Kuruman his headquarters he continued his medical and missionary journeys amongst the neigh-

bouring tribes. "I have an immense practice," he writes to his old tutor, Sir Risden Bennett; "patients walk 130 miles for my advice. This is the country for a medical man, but he must leave fees out of the question. They have much more disease than I expected. They are nearly naked, and endure the scorching heat of the day and the chills at night in that condition. Add to this that they are absolutely omnivorous. Indigestion, rheumatism, ophthalmia are the prevailing diseases. . . . They make me speak their language, and were I inclined to be lazy in learning it they would prevent me indulging the propensity. They are excellent patients too. There is no wincing; everything prescribed is done *instanter*. Their only failing is that they get tired of a long course, but in any operation even the women sit unmoved. I have been astonished again and again at their calmness. In cutting out a tumour an inch in diameter, they sit and talk as if they felt nothing. 'A man like me,' they say, 'never cries. It is children that cry.' And it is a fact that the men never cry; but when the spirit of God works on their minds they cry most piteously, trying to hide their heads in their karosses, and when they find that won't do, they rush out of church and run with all their might, crying as if the hand of death were behind them. One would think they would stop away; but no, they are in their places at the next meeting."

His practice in midwifery was, perhaps, the most characteristic. They suffered less from confinements than in civilised countries, and had a prejudice against the presence of male doctors. A case of twins occurred in which the ointments of all the doctors in the town

proved unavailing. A few seconds of English art afforded relief, and the prejudice vanished at once. "I reserved myself for the difficult cases. . . . My knowledge of midwifery procured me great fame in a department in which I could lay no claim to merit. A woman came more than 100 miles to consult me for a complaint which had baffled the native doctors. A complete cure was the result, and a year later she bore a son to her husband, who had previously reproached her for being barren. She sent me a handsome present, and proclaimed that I possessed a medicine for the removal of sterility." This brought him applicants for the child-medicine from all parts of the country, and it was in vain for him to explain that the disease he had treated was quite a different one. "It was really heart-rending to hear the earnest entreaty, and see the tearful eyes. 'I am getting old: you see gray hairs here and there on my head, and I have no child. You know how Bechuana men cast their old wives away. What can I do? I have no child to bring me water when I am sick,'" etc.

In 1842 he was again away, and, five days' journey beyond the Bakatla, came to Sechele, chief of the Bechuanas. At first Sechele was hostile, but his only child was ill, and Livingstone cured her, and thenceforth Sechele became one of his warmest friends and most interesting converts. Some of his questions puzzled the Doctor, as: "Since it is true that all who die unforgiven are lost for ever, why did not your nation come to tell us of it before now? My ancestors are all gone, and none of them knew anything of what you tell me. How is this?"

At last, soon after his return from Sechele, the definite

permission came to push forward, and in June, 1843, he was able to write home of the "feeling of inexpressible delight with which I hail the decision of the Directors, that we go forward into the dark interior. May the Lord enable me to consecrate my whole being to the glorious work."

A few extracts from his letters to Mr. Cecil will explain at once the cause of this delight, and the temper and methods which he was resolved to employ in the forward career which was now opening to him. "There has always been some bugbear in the way of the interior, and the tribes have in consequence always passed away into darkness. . . . I did not at first intend to give up all attention to medicine and the treatment of disease, but now I feel it to be my duty to have as little to do with it as possible. I shall attend to none but severe cases in future, and my reasons for this determination are, I think, good. The spiritual amelioration of the people is the object for which I came, but I cannot expect God to advance this by my instrumentality if much of my time is spent in mere temporal amelioration. And I know that if I gave much attention to medicine and medical studies, something like a sort of mania which seized me soon after I began the study of anatomy would increase, and I fear would gain so much power over me as to make me perhaps a very good doctor, but a useless drone of a missionary. I feel the self-denial this requires very much, but it is the only real sacrifice I have been called on to make, and I shall try to make it willingly." His friends, he goes on, perhaps will wonder at his intention to go so far north, but none of the tribes within one hundred and eighty miles north of this will listen. And

as to the need of some one to show the way, he is now the fourth missionary at Kuruman. Now at this outpost there are only four hundred people, and "all the brethren behind this, even down to the sea, are crowded together with scanty portions of people, and many unpleasant words pass as to encroaching on each other's fields, etc. . . . We can go forward and find plenty of people, and these too with none of the prejudices which the near tribes have unfortunately imbibed. I was received with the greatest kindness by all the tribes I visited, and some of them never saw a white face before; and the latitude at which I turned back is farther than any European has attained before. I must make the effort now when I am able to stand the heat, etc., and if I wait I shall soon perhaps be disinclined to endure fatigue." Then as to the danger —after referring to his friend Dr. Philip, the Society's agent, who had been at Kuruman while he was away, and had left him a message "not to think of building his house on the crater of a volcano;" and that Mosilikatse, the great Makololo chief, was ready "to pounce on any white man and spill his blood,"—he goes on: "I believed these reports too when I left this, but I found to my surprise that the Bamangwato, whom I visited, are eight days north of the Bakwana, and that Mosilikatse is at least fourteen days north of them. Seeing then that the Doctor is, from having been misinformed, about to oppose the Gospel being carried into the interior, I intend just to go on without his sanction. Besides, he does not point out any place where I can be useful. In fact he cannot, for the country behind this is overstocked with missionaries. . . . The Doctor stated to some of the brethren that he thought I was ambitious.

I really am ambitious to preach beyond other men's lines: but I suppose he meant the wrong kind of ambition. I don't feel in the least displeased with him. I am only determined to go on, and do all I can while able for the poor degraded people in the north." Again, in answer to friendly warnings from other quarters: "I feel the necessity more than ever of active devotedness to the Redeemer's cause. I don't feel anything we usually call sacrifices at home to be such. There is so much to counterbalance them they really don't deserve the name, and I am in a great deal more danger from levity than from melancholy; indeed it sometimes makes me blame myself severely. When contemplating the Mission field before I left England I used to think my spirits would flag, but I feel no difference from what I felt at home. It is, therefore, no virtue in me to endure privations, it is only in those who feel them as such. I wish my mind were more deeply affected by the condition of those who are perishing in this heathen land. I am sorry to say I don't feel half as concerned for them as I ought."

And so, in this resolute and yet humble spirit, he went forward rejoicing, to found his first station in which he hoped to be permanently settled, far away to the north, in advance of any point hitherto visited by white men.

CHAPTER III

KOLOBENG—LAKE NGAMI—THE ZAMBESI

1843-52

In the early days of August, 1843, Livingstone started from Kuruman, with another missionary who had agreed to accompany him, for the beautiful valley of Mabotsa, about two hundred miles to the north-east, which he had selected in one of his earlier journeys as the best site for a station. Two sportsmen from India joined the party, Mr. Pringle and Captain, now General, Sir Thomas Steele, the latter of whom became one of his best friends. The power that Livingstone had already acquired with the natives gave him a striking advantage over his companions, whose ample outfit of horses, servants, tents, and stores stood out in marked contrast to his ox-waggon. "When we reach a spot where we intend to pass the night," he writes home, "all hands at once unyoke the oxen. Then one or two collect wood, one strikes up a fire, another gets out the water-bucket and fills the kettle, a piece of meat is thrown on the fire, and if we have biscuits we are at our coffee in less than half an hour. Our friends perhaps sit or stand shivering at their fire for two or three hours before they get their things ready, and are glad occasionally of a cup of coffee from us."

At Mabotsa he built his house with his own hands, and settled to work amongst the Bakatlas, where he remained for three years. Here the encounter with a lion occurred, which, as he wrote, "I meant to have kept to tell my children in my dotage," but on pressure from friends narrated in his first book as follows: "The Bakatla of the village of Mabotsa were troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle-pens by night and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so unusual an occurrence that the people believed themselves to be bewitched—'given,' as they said, into the power of the lions by a neighbouring tribe." They went once to attack the animals, but being rather cowardly in comparison with the Bechuanas in general, they returned without slaying any.

"It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed, the remainder leave that part of the country. The next time, therefore, the herds were attacked, I went with the people to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the animals on a small hill covered with trees. The men formed round it in a circle, and gradually closed up as they advanced. Being below on the plain with a native schoolmaster named Mabálwe, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring. Mabálwe fired at him, and the ball hit the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; and then leaping away, broke through the circle and escaped unhurt. If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared him in his attempt to get out, but they were afraid to

matters, she was always the best spoke in the wheel at home: and, when I took her on two occasions to Lake Ngami and far beyond, she endured more than some who have written large books of travels."

The young couple spent their first year at Mabotsa, where, besides a good house, schools, and church, Livingstone had made an excellent garden. But now a difference arose between him and his brother missionary, and rather than add one more to the squabbles which had vexed his soul at the southern stations, he, with his wife's approval, removed to Chonuane, forty miles north of Mabotsa, a village of the Bakwains, and the residence of their chief Sechele, whom he had already made his friend. The Bakatla offered to build him a new house and schools at another of their villages—to do, in short, anything to keep him amongst them—to his surprise, for there had been few conversions, and he reckoned his work there a failure. He persisted, however, and to Chonuane they went, and began their work again from the beginning. Their life there is vividly described in his letters. "Building, gardening, cobbling, doctoring, tinkering, carpentering, gun-mending, farriering, waggon-mending, preaching, schooling, lecturing on physics according to my means, besides a chair in divinity to a class of three, fill up my time. . . . My wife made candles, soap, and clothes, and thus we had nearly attained to the indispensable accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa—the husband a jack-of-all-trades without doors, and the wife a maid-of-all-work within."

Everything promised well at Chonuane. The chief Sechele was his first convert, and in a few weeks was able to read the Bible, his favourite Book being Isaiah.

"He was a fine man that Isaiah; he knew how to speak." In his new-born zeal Sechele proposed summary methods of conversion. "Do you think you can make my people believe by talking to them?" he urged. "I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them, and if you like I shall call my head-man, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon make them all believe together." This was declined, and Sechele soon began to understand what spirit he was of, and to adopt Livingstone's methods, though their apparent failure grieved him sorely. He began family worship in his house, and surprised Livingstone by the simple and beautiful style in which he conducted it; but except his own family, no one attended. "In former times," he complained, "if a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But now it is different. I love the word of God, but not one of my brethren will join me."

The two chief causes for this failure were that Sechele had, after long struggle and debate with himself, put away all his wives but one, giving them new clothing and all the goods they had in their separate huts. This alienated all their relatives amongst the chief men, while the rest attributed to the new religion the drought which came on them and lasted for four years. So severe was it that the tribe by Livingstone's advice migrated from Chonuane after the first year to Kolobeng, on the banks of a stream of that name, forty miles to the north, where Livingstone built his third house with his own hands. But the drought continued at the new station, and the tribe became poorer year by year. They believed that

Livingstone had bewitched their chief, and the old councillors came to him entreating him to allow Sechele to make a few showers. "The corn will die if you refuse, and we shall become scattered. Only let him make rain this once, and we shall all come to the school, and sing and pray as long as you please." "We like you," remonstrated Sechele's uncle, "as well as if you had been born amongst us. You are the only white man we can become familiar with, but we wish you to give up that everlasting preaching and praying. We cannot become familiar with that at all. You see, we never get rain, while those tribes that never pray get plenty."

In vain Livingstone pleaded that only God could make rain. He records pathetically the answers, of the fallacy of which he could never convince them. "Truly!" they said; "but God told us differently. He made black men first, but did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing and guns and gunpowder, and horses and waggons, and many other things about which we know nothing. But towards us he had no heart. He gave us nothing but the assegai, and cattle, and rain-making; and he did not give us hearts like yours. We never love each other. Other tribes place medicines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed by hunger, and go to them and add to their power. We must dissolve their charms by our medicines. God has given us one little thing which you know nothing of—the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. We do not despise those things you possess though we are ignorant of them. You ought not to despise our little knowledge though you are ignorant of it."

But during the long trial of the drought, "They all continued to treat us with respectful kindness. . . . I am not aware of ever having had an enemy in the tribe."

The depression of the long drought, keenly as he felt it, was not allowed to hinder any of the work he had set himself, the most urgent of which he held to be the planting native teachers, trained by himself at Kolobeng, amongst the neighbouring tribes. Those to the east roused his special sympathy, and his efforts on their behalf had an important influence on his future life. He found them practically enslaved by the Boers of the Cashan Mountains district, who plundered their cattle and made them work without wages. On his first visit the Commandant insisted: "You must teach the blacks that they are not our equals. . . . You might as well try to teach the baboons." Livingstone replied by offering to test whether the Boers or his native attendants could read best. From this time his relations with the Boers became more and more strained. In the following years many of them came to Kolobeng, to get medicine and advice from him, and to trade. The reports they carried back inflamed the jealousy of their nation. They summoned Sechele to acknowledge himself their vassal, and to stop English traders and sportsmen from passing to the country beyond or selling firearms. "I was made an independent chief and placed here by God, and not by you," Sechele answered. "The English are my friends. I get all I want from them. I cannot hinder them from going where they like."

A raid on Kolobeng was planned by the Boers, which Livingstone heard of, and prevented for the time by a visit of remonstrance to Mr. Krieger, the Commandant;

but the cloud hung menacingly over the Bakwains. This thought troubled Livingstone, who felt that his presence amongst them was becoming a danger to the tribe. The conviction, too, was growing on him that the Kolobeng stream had permanently disappeared, and that the tribe would have to move again. Where were they or he to go? To the east the Boers barred the way; on the west and north lay the great Kalahari desert, where none but Bushmen could live. What was to be done?

It was now that the rumours which had reached him of a lake away in the north, on the other side of the Kalahari desert, and a famous chief who lived beyond it, came back to him with great force. Sebituane, the chief in question, and head of the Makololo, had also gathered the remnants of other tribes, broken up by wars or flying from the Boers. He had saved the life of Sechele in his infancy, and established him in his chieftainship. Sechele reported him eager to welcome strangers. Moreover, he and his tribe had crossed the desert thirty years before. Where men had gone, men might follow. At this crisis two Englishmen, Murray and Oswell, had opportunely arrived on a hunting-tour and were eager to join him. The latter, who had been sent on by his friend Captain Steele, offered to defray all the cost of guides; and so, on June 1st, 1849, they started for the desert.

Oswell became one of Livingstone's dearest friends, and godfather to his third son. "I love him," he wrote sixteen years later, "with true affection. I believe he does the same to me, and yet we never show it." And again: "You know Oswell was one of Arnold's Rugby boys. One could see his training in always doing what was brave, and true, and right." His fame for feats of

strength and courage still lingered at his old school, which he had left fourteen years before joining Livingstone at Kolobeng, and meantime had become a mighty hunter. "When my men wished to flatter me," Livingstone wrote, "they would say, 'If you were not a missionary you would be just like Oswell, you would not hunt with dogs.' . . . "They declare he is the greatest hunter that ever came into the country. He has been known to kill four old male elephants in a day, and the value of the ivory would be one hundred guineas." While admitting the prowess of his companions, Livingstone's men looked upon them as a kind of lunatic butchers, which grieved the good missionary. The Bakwain language has no word for sport, so he had difficulty in answering such questions as, "Have these hunters, who come so far and work so hard, no meat at home?" "Why, they are rich; they could kill oxen every day. It is for the sake of the play it affords." This causes a laugh, as much as to say "Ah, you know better," or "Your friends are fools."

The expedition started with eighty oxen, twenty horses, and about twenty men. It proved a toilsome and dangerous journey, at first along the beds of streams long dry, where water was only procurable by deep digging; afterwards across a flat where there was none. At one point the oxen were four days without water, and their masters scarcely better off. When they were at the worst, Oswell saw an object skulking along in the bush, and taking it for a lion rode after it. It proved to be a Bushwoman. "She thought herself captured, and offered to deliver up her property, which consisted of a few traps made of cords. When I explained that we only wanted

water and would pay her, she walked briskly before our horses for 8 miles, and brought us to Neckockotsa. We rewarded her with a piece of meat and a good large bunch of beads. At the sight of the latter she burst into a merry laugh."

At Neckockotsa Oswell was the first to discover (as he thought) the lake they were bound for. "He threw up his hat in the air and shouted out a huzza which made the poor Bushwoman and the Bakwains think him mad. I was as much deceived as he." It was the mirage. They were yet three hundred miles from Lake Ngami.

But their troubles were over, for on July 4th they had cleared the desert and struck a fine river, the Zouga. The rest of their journey was along the bank of this river, or in canoes, and, to their astonishment and delight, before reaching the lake they came upon another and larger stream, the Tamunakle. "I inquired whence it came. 'Oh, from a country full of rivers—so many no one can tell their number, and of large trees.'" Here was a confirmation of his hopes of a populous country in the unexplored north fit for stations, and so full was his mind of this prospect that Lake Ngami no longer seemed of importance to him. They reached it on August 1st, the first white men who had ever looked on it, or at any rate who had lived to tell the tale. On August 2nd Livingstone applied to the chief of this end of the lake for guides and canoes to cross the Tamunakle, here quite unfordable. He, jealous of their passing to Sebituane, refused. "I tried hard to form a raft, but the dry wood was so worm-eaten that it would not bear the weight of a single person. I worked many hours in the water, for I was not then aware of the number of

aligators, and never think of my labours without feeling thankful that I escaped their jaws." Nothing more could be done. Oswell volunteered to go to the Cape and bring up a boat for next year, and they turned their faces homeward.

Things were getting worse at Kolobeng. The drought continued, and not only the men, but women and children, were scattered over the country in search of roots, caterpillars, or whatever would keep life in them. Mrs. Livingstone's children and sewing-classes, numbering each one hundred at one time, had disappeared. There was nothing to keep them at home, so in April, 1850, accompanied now by his wife and three children, and by Sechele, he started again for the north. Sechele left them at the ford of the Zouga. Farther on they heard of an English party in distress, and hastened sixty miles out of their way to aid them. They found them down with fever, of which Mr. Rider, the artist of the party, was already dead. The rest recovered under Livingstone's treatment; but after he had just managed to take them for a paddle in the lake, in which they played like ducklings, two of his children and all his servants were attacked. Again he reluctantly turned homeward, and met Oswell on his way from the Cape to keep his promise. It was too late, and Oswell turned to his elephant-hunting. Livingstone returned to Kolobeng, where his wife was confined of a daughter, who died of an epidemic after six weeks; and afterwards they went to Kuruman to recruit. Here he heard from his friend Steele that the Royal Geographical Society had voted him twenty-five guineas for the discovery of Lake Ngami. "It is from the Queen," he wrote home. "You must be

very loyal, all of you. Oh, you Radicals, don't be thinking it came out of your pockets. Long live Victoria."

Sebituane had now heard of the attempts to reach him, and sent presents of cattle to Sechele and the chiefs on the lake who had hitherto been hostile, and a warm invitation to Livingstone. The envoys came to Sechele while Livingstone was still at Kuruman, and Sechele allowed them to return without informing him. Had they been detained to escort the party the sufferings on the third journey might have been spared.

In April, 1851, he started once more with wife and children, and with the intention of settling in Sebituane's country if he could find a healthy station. Oswell was again with him, and going ahead with his men dug wells for the party in the waggons. All went well while they followed the old route, which they did to the neighbourhood of the lake, after which they had to cross a desert tract, the driest they had ever met with, in which Shobo their Bushman guide lost his way. "He would sit down in the path and say, 'No water, all country only — Shobo sleeps — he breaks down — country only.' Upon this he would coolly curl himself up, and was soon wrapped in slumber. On the morning of the fourth day he vanished altogether." They followed, came on a rhinoceros' trail, and saw some birds. There they unyoked the oxen, who rushed off to the west. Next morning the supply of water in the waggons was all but spent. "It was a bitterly anxious time, and the less there was the more thirsty the little rogues became. The idea of their perishing before our eyes was terrible. It would have almost been a relief to me to have been reproached as being the entire cause; but not one

syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. In the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men returned with a supply of the fluid, of which we had never felt the true value. . . . Shobo had found his way to the river Mababe, and appeared when we came to the river at the head of a party. As he wished to show his importance before his friends, he walked up and ordered our whole cavalcade to halt, and bring out fire and tobacco. We stopped to admire the acting, and though he had left us in the lurch, we all liked this fine specimen of that wonderful people the Bushmen." No better specimen could be found than this, of the long-suffering and charity which carried him safely through all his African wanderings. "What a wonderful people the Bushmen are!" his Journal runs; "always merry and laughing, and never telling lies like the Bechuana. They have more appearance of worship than any of the Bechuana. When will these dwellers in the wilderness bow down before their Lord? I often wished I knew their language, but never more than when we travelled with our Bushman guide Shobo."

Oswell and Livingstone now went ahead of their party, and found Sebituane, who had come down to meet them on an island. All his principal men were with him. He was about forty-five, tall, wiry, of olive complexion, cool and collected in manner, and more frank than any chief Livingstone ever met; the greatest warrior in Central Africa, and always led his men into battle himself. He gave them food, and prepared skins of oxen as soft as cloth to sleep on, and next morning was sitting by their fire before the dawn.

They accompanied him to his home, living with him on the way, and hearing the story of his eventful life. He now ruled over all the tribes of an immense tract of country, as benevolent in peace as he had been courageous in war. "He had the art of gaining the affections both of his own people and strangers. . . . When poor men came to trade he would go along to them, talk with them, and feed them. Thus he knew all that happened in the country. He never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving a present to every one, servants and all. Thus his praises were sounded far and wide. 'He has a heart! He is wise,' were the expressions we heard before we saw him."

He offered a settlement in any part of his country, and, had he lived, the whole course of Livingstone's career might have been changed. But Sebituane sickened of inflammation of the lungs. Livingstone feared to treat him medically, and appealed to his native doctors. "Your fear is prudent and wise," they said; "the people would blame you." "I visited him in company with my little boy Robert on the Sunday afternoon on which he died. 'Come near,' said Sebituane, 'and see if I am any longer a man. I am done.' I ventured to assent, and added a single sentence regarding hope after death. 'Why do you speak of death?' said one of a relay of fresh doctors; 'Sebituane will never die.' I rose to depart, when he raised himself up a little, called a servant, and said, 'Take Robert to Manuku' (one of his wives), 'and tell her to give him some milk.' These were the last words of Sebituane. . . . He was decidedly the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I was never so much grieved at the loss of a black man."

His daughter Mamochishane succeeded, and was equally friendly. Oswell and Livingstone made a journey of one hundred and thirty miles to the north-east at the end of June and discovered the Zambesi, already upwards of three hundred yards broad, hitherto supposed to rise far to the east, but found no healthy spot for settlement, so returned for the last time to Kolobeng.

Livingstone's mind was now made up. His family could not stay at Kolobeng. He had found no new station to the north. He would send them to England, while he returned himself to search for a healthy district in the interior, with a path either to the east or west coast. With this view he started for Cape Town in April, 1852, and passed through the centre of the colony in the twentieth month of a Caffre war. "Those who periodically pay enormous sums for these inglorious affairs may like to know that our little unprotected party could travel with as little danger as if we had been in England. Where does the money go, and who has benefited by this blood and treasure expended?"

He arrived at Cape Town, after eleven years of missionary life, to find himself an object of suspicion to the authorities and his brethren. He had already anticipated his whole salary (£100) for 1852 and half that of 1853. Happily Oswell was with him, and "made all comfortable" financially, on the plea that Livingstone had as good a right as he to the money drawn from the preserves on his estate.

He had written with perfect frankness to his Directors as to his intentions. "Consider the multitudes that have been brought to light by the Providence of God in the country of Sebituane. . . . Nothing but a strong

conviction that the step will lead to the glory of Christ would make me orphanise my children. Even now my bowels yearn over them. They will forget me; but I hope when the day of trial comes I shall not be found a more sorry soldier than those who serve an earthly sovereign. Should you not feel yourself justified in incurring the expense of their support in England I shall feel called upon to renounce the hope of carrying the Gospel into that country. But stay. I am not sure. So powerfully am I convinced it is the will of our Lord I should, I will go, no matter who opposes; but from you I expect nothing but encouragement. I know you wish as ardently as I can that all the world may be filled with the glory of the Lord. I feel relieved when I lay the whole case before you." Mrs. Livingstone and the four children sailed for England on April 23rd, 1852.

CHAPTER IV

LINYANTI AND THE MAKOLOLO

1852-53

LIVINGSTONE was now ready to start on the journey which resulted in the opening of routes from Central Africa to the west and east coasts, and the discovery of the Victoria Falls; but the way was still beset with difficulties. The missionary Societies were regarded as "unpatriotic" by the authorities at the Cape; and he, as the most outspoken of critics, and the most uncompromising denouncer of the slave-trade and champion of the natives, came in for a double share of their suspicion. On the other hand, his brethren gave him only a half-hearted support, and doubted his orthodoxy. He found great difficulty even in procuring ammunition. A country post-master, whom he had accused of overcharging, threatened an action at the last moment, which he compromised rather than be detained longer. As it was, he had anticipated his meagre salary by more than a year, and had to be content with very inferior oxen, and a waggon which required constant mending throughout the journey. Happily, however, the delay at the Cape enabled him to have his uvula, which had been troubling him for years, excised, and to renew

his astronomical studies with his friend the Astronomer-Royal (Sir T. Maclear), so that he was able to lay down the exact geographical positions in all his subsequent journeys. "He could take the complete lunar observations and altitudes for time in fifteen minutes. . . . I say what that man has done is unprecedented. . . . You could go to any point across the entire continent along Livingstone's track and feel certain of your position. . . . His are the finest specimens of sound geographical observation I have ever met with," was Sir Thomas' testimony four years later, when the great journey was finished. On June 8th, 1852, then, he at last got away, taking with him a Mr. Fleming, the agent of his friend Mr. Rutherford, a Cape merchant, in the hope of by degrees substituting legitimate traffic for that in slaves.

The heavy Cape waggon with its ten poor oxen dragged heavily northward. Livingstone had so loaded himself with parcels for stations up country, and his waggon and team were so inferior, that it was not till September that he reached Kuruman. Here he was detained by the breaking down of a wheel. The accident was a happy one, for in these same days the storm which had been so long threatening from the Transvaal broke over the Bakwain country. After Livingstone's departure for the Cape, Sechele had sent all his children but two to Kuruman, to Dr. Moffat's school. Now, while Livingstone was at work on his waggon-wheel, Masabele, Sechele's wife, brought down a letter from her husband to the Doctor. "Friend of my heart's love," it ran, "and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechele. I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I have no guilt with them. They

demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused. They demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquas from passing. I replied, 'These are my friends, and I can prevent no one.' They came on Saturday, and I besought them not to fight on Sunday, and they assented. They began on Monday morning at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire, and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women and children and men. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. All the goods of the hunters" (Oswell and others) "were burnt, and of the Boers were killed twenty-eight. Yes, my beloved friend, now my wife goes to see the children, and Kobus Har will convey her to you. I am Sechele, the son of Mochoasele." "The Boers," Livingstone writes to his wife some days later, "gutted our house. They brought four waggons down, and took away sofa, table, bed, all the crockery, your desk (I hope it had nothing in it. Have you the letters?), smashed the wooden chairs, took away the iron ones, tore out the leaves of all the books and scattered them in front of the house: smashed the medicine bottles, windows, oven door: took away the smith-bellows, anvil, all the tools, three corn-mills, a bag of coffee for which I paid £6, and lots of coffee, tea, sugar, which the gentlemen who went north left: took all our cattle, and Paul's, and Mabálwe's. . . . They set fire to the town, and the heat forced the women to fly, and the men to huddle together on the small hill in the middle of the town. The smoke prevented them seeing the Boers, and the cannon killed

sixty Bakwains. The Boers then came near to kill and destroy them all; but the Bakwains killed thirty-five and many horses. They fought the whole day; but the Boers could not dislodge them. They stopped firing at night, and the Bakwains retired on account of having no water. . . . All the corn is burned. Parties went out and burned Bangwaketse, and swept off all the cattle. Sebube's cattle are all gone. All the Bakatla cattle gone. Neither Bangwaketse nor Bakatla fired a shot. All the corn burned of all three tribes. Everything edible taken from them. How will they live? . . . They often expressed a wish to get hold of me. I wait here a little in order to get information when the path is clear. Kind Providence prevented me from falling into the very thick of it. God will preserve me still. He has work for me to do." "Think," he writes to his friend Watt, "of a big fat Boeress drinking coffee out of my kettle, and then throwing her tallowy corporeity on my sofa, or keeping her needles in my wife's writing-desk. Ugh! and then think of foolish John Bull paying so many thousands a year for the suppression of the slave-trade, and allowing commissions even to make treaties with the Boers, who carry it on. The Boers are mad with rage against me because my people fought bravely. It was I, they think, that taught them to shoot Boers. Fancy your Reverend friend teaching the young idea to shoot Boers, and praying for a blessing on the work of his hands!"

Sechele, after a vain effort to get to England to lay his case before the Queen, was helped back from the Cape by English officers. He went back, and gathered the remnants of the Bakwains, and eight other tribes, round

him, and became more powerful than before the sack of Kolobeng. Four years later Livingstone writes: "Sechele has, though unbidden by man, been teaching his own people. In fact he has been doing all that I was prevented from doing, and I have been employed in exploring—a work I had no previous intention of performing. I think I see the operation of the unseen Hand in all this."

Livingstone was now more determined than ever to open out the country to the north. The more the Boers threatened to pursue on horseback, the more fixed was his resolve; but these threats, and the neighbourhood of Boer marauding parties, added to the difficulty of his task by alarming the natives. It was not till November 20th that he and Fleming could get waggon-drivers. At last six were hired who were ready to risk the journey to Linyanti. "To be sure, they were the worst possible specimens of those who imbibe the vices without the virtues of Europeans; but we had no choice, and were glad to get away on any terms."

Giving the Boers a wide berth they took a route to the west, over the Kalahari desert; but even as it was, came on the skirts of a war between the Boers and Barolongs. "A Caffre war in stage the second," he describes it. "The third stage is when both sides are equally well armed and afraid of each other. The fourth, when the English take up a quarrel not their own and the Boers slip out of the fray." The Bakwains joined the Barolongs, and "the Boers sent four of their number to ask for peace. I was present and heard the conditions. Sechele's children must be restored to him. Strong bodies of armed Bakwains occupied every pass in the hills, and had not the four ambassadors promised

much more than they performed, that day would have been their last. The Commandant Scholz had taken the children of Sechele to be his own domestic slaves. I saw one of them returned to his mother. He had been allowed to roll into the fire, and there were three large unbound sores on his body. His mother and the women received him with floods of tears. I took down the names of some scores of boys and girls, many of whom I knew to be our scholars; but I could not comfort any of the mothers with any hope of their return from captivity."

The journey to Linyanti by the new route was very trying. Part of the country was flooded, and they were wading all day, and forcing their way through reeds with sharp edges "with our hands all raw and bloody." On emerging from the swamps, "when walking before the waggon in the morning twilight, I observed a lioness about fifty yards from me in the squatting way they walk when going to spring. She was followed by a very large lion, but seeing the waggon she turned back."

It required all his tact to prevent guides and servants from deserting. Every one but himself was attacked by fever. "I would like," says the Journal, "to devote a portion of my life to the discovery of a remedy for that terrible disease the African fever. I would go into the parts where it prevails most and try to discover if the natives have a remedy for it. I must make many inquiries of the river people in this quarter." Again in another key: "Am I on my way to die in Sebituane's country? Have I seen the last of my wife and children, leaving this fair world and knowing so little of it?" February 4th: "I am spared in health while all the

company have been attacked by fever. If God has accepted my service, my life is charmed till my work is done. When that is finished, some simple thing will give me my quietus. Death is a glorious event to one going to Jesus."

Their progress was tedious beyond all precedent. "We dug out several wells, and each time had to wait a day or two till enough water flowed in to allow our cattle to quench their thirst."

At last, however, at the end of May, he reached the Chobe river and was again amongst his favourite Makololo. "He has dropped from the clouds," the first of them said. They took the waggon to pieces, and carried it across on canoes lashed together, while they themselves swam and dived amongst the oxen "more like aligators than men." Sekeletu, son of Sebituane, was now chief, his elder sister Mamochishane having resigned in disgust at the number of husbands she had to maintain as chieftainess. Poor Mamochishane! after a short reign of a few months she had risen in the assembly and "addressed her brother with a womanly gush of tears. 'I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I would always have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief, and build up our father's house.'"

Sekeletu was eighteen years old, five feet seven inches in height, equal to his father neither in stature nor ability, but equally friendly to Livingstone. He sent ample supplies, and the court-herald to welcome them, who advanced leaping and shouting at the top of his voice, "Don't I see the white man? Don't I see the father of Sekeletu? We want sleep. Give your son sleep, my lord."

Since Livingstone's last visit the half-caste Portuguese had appeared from the west, and already a traffic in slaves was going on, the dealers having gained a footing amongst the Mambari, a neighbouring tribe; and begun intriguing with Mpepe, another son of Sebituane, a pretender to the chieftainship, which he hoped to gain by the aid of these new allies armed with guns.

Livingstone was surprised at the cordiality of his reception by chief and people. "God has touched their hearts. I have used no undue influence. Kindness shown has been appreciated here, while much greater kindness shown to tribes in the south has resulted in the belief that we missionaries must be fools." The first wish of chief and people was to obtain the "gun medicine." They had got guns at last, but could not shoot—surely now his heart would warm to them, and he would give them the medicine. "But I could not tell them a lie. I offered to show Sekeletu how to shoot, and that was all the medicine I knew." After a short rest he began to make excursions with Sekeletu to explore the country round Linyanti. In these he was always enforcing on his companions the duty of living peaceably with their neighbours. At one time he even prevailed on Sekeletu to send presents to Lechulatebe, the powerful chief in the Lake Ngami district, which brought no proper return. "I prevailed on the Makololo to keep the peace during my stay, but could easily see that public opinion was against sparing a tribe of Bechuanas. The young men exclaimed 'Lechulatebe is herding our cows for us.'" At another, a party of hippopotamus hunters from the Loeti fled on their approach, leaving their canoes and their contents. On these his followers

"rushed like furies regardless of my shouting. As this would have destroyed my character at Lobale, I forced them to lay down all the plunder on a sandbank and leave it for the owners." Sixty miles to the north they came on a stockade full of slaves erected by the Mambari, amongst whom was Mpepe, the rebel brother of Sekeletu. Some of Mpepe's men divulged a plot for the murder of Sekeletu. The rivals met in a hut for conference. "Being tired with riding, I asked Sekeletu where I should sleep. He replied, 'Come, I will show you.' As we rose together I unconsciously covered his body with mine, and saved him from the blow of the assassin. When Sekeletu showed me the hut in which I was to pass the night he said, 'That man wishes to kill me.' The chief resolved to be beforehand with him. He sent men to seize him, and he was led out a mile and speared. This is the common mode of executing criminals." Mpepe's men fled, and the Makololo proposed to attack the Mambari stockade. Dreading an outbreak of war, Livingstone urged that it would be hard to take, being defended by muskets. "'Hunger is strong enough for that,' said an under chief, 'a very great fellow is he.' As the chief sufferers would have been the poor slaves chained in gangs, I interceded for them, and they were allowed to depart."

In the Barotse valley they passed a town in which were two of Mpepe's chief confederates. On Sekeletu's arrival they were seized and tossed into the river. "When I remonstrated against human life being wasted in this off-hand way, my companions justified the act by the evidence given by Mamochishane, and calmly added, 'You see, we are still Boers, we are not yet taught.'"

On these journeys the camp had often to be supplied with meat, and the Makololo shot so badly that "I was obliged to go myself to save my powder. . . . I was in closer contact with heathens than I had ever been before, and though all were as kind to me as possible, yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, grumbling, quarrellings, and murderings of these children of nature, was the severest penance I had yet undergone in the course of my missionary duties."

After each excursion they returned to Linyanti, where Livingstone worked hard as missionary and doctor. Sekeletu pressed him to name anything he desired, and it should be given. "I explained that my object was to elevate him and his people to be Christians. He replied he did not wish to learn to read the Book, for he was afraid it might change his heart, and make him content with one wife, like Sechele. No, no, he wanted always to have five wives at least."

He held regular services to large congregations. "When I stand up all the women and children draw near, and, having ordered silence, I explain the plan of salvation, the goodness of God in sending His Son to die, etc., always choosing one subject, and taking care to make it short and plain. A short prayer concludes the service, all kneeling down and remaining till told to rise. At first we have to tell the women who have children to remain sitting, for when they kneel they squeeze the children, and a simultaneous skirl is set up by the whole troop of youngsters, who make the prayer inaudible."

And again and again in the Journal are entries of "large and attentive audiences," but no concealment of the conviction that the effect is superficial. "They

listen, but never suppose the truth must be embodied in actual life. . . . A minister who had not seen so much pioneer service as I have done would have been shocked to see so little effect produced. . . . We can afford to work in faith. . . . When we view the state of the world and its advancing energies by childlike, or call it childish, faith, we see the earth filling with the knowledge of the glory of God—aye, all nations seeing His glory and bowing before Him whose right it is to reign. We work towards another state of things. Future missionaries will be rewarded by conversions for every sermon. We are their pioneers. They will doubtless have more light than we, but we served our Master earnestly and proclaimed the same Gospel they will do."

The result of all his excursions with Sekeletu was to convince him that there was no hope of finding a healthy settlement near Linyanti. The fever had at last attacked him, and he was seldom free from it. Even the Makololo, he found, were decreasing in numbers since they had lived here. So now his whole mind was set on the alternative of finding a way to the west coast. By degrees the unwillingness of Sekeletu and his people to let him go was overcome. Fleming was sent back to the Cape with the men from Kuruman, having by Livingstone's help made fair profits for his employer. Livingstone's own waggon with his books and other property were left at Linyanti. He was well aware that the attempt was in the nature of a forlorn hope, but wrote to his employers, "Cannot the love of Christ carry the missionary where the slave-trade carries the trader?" to his father-in-law, "I shall open up a path to the interior or perish. I never have had the shadow of a

shade of doubt as to the propriety of my course;" to his father, "Our intentions are to go up the Luba till we reach the falls, then send back the canoe and proceed in the country beyond as best we can. May Christ accept my children for His service, and sanctify them for it. My blessing on my wife. May God comfort her! If my watch comes back after I am cut off, it belongs to Agnes. If my sextant, it is Robert's. The Paris medal to Thomas. Double-barrelled gun to Zouga. Be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow for Jesus' sake.

"The Boers by taking possession of all my goods have saved me the trouble of making a will."

CHAPTER V

LINYANTI TO LOANDA

1853-54

On November 11th, 1853, he left Linyanti, and arrived at Loanda on May 31st, 1854. The first stages of the journey were to be by water, and Sekeletu accompanied him to the Chobe, where he was to embark. They crossed five branches before reaching the main stream, a wide and deep river full of hippopotami. "The chief lent me his own canoe, and as it was broader than usual I could turn about in it with ease. . . . I had three muskets for my people, and a rifle and double-barrelled shot gun for myself. My ammunition was distributed through the luggage, that we might not be left without a supply. Our chief hopes for food were in our guns. I carried twenty pounds of beads worth forty shillings, a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty pounds of coffee. One small tin canister, about fifteen inches square, was filled with spare shirts, trousers, and shoes, to be used when we reached civilised life, another of the same size was stored with medicines, a third with books, and a fourth with a magic-lantern, which we found of much service. The sextant and other instruments were carried apart. A bag contained the

clothes we expected to wear out in the journey, which, with a small tent just sufficient to sleep in, a sheep-skin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed, completed my equipment. An array of baggage would probably have excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass."

The voyage up the Chobe, and the Zambesi after the junction of those rivers, was prosperous but slow, in consequence of stoppages opposite villages. "My man Pitsane knew of the generous orders of Sekeletu, and was not disposed to allow them to remain a dead letter." In the rapids, "the men leaped into the water without the least hesitation to save the canoes from being dashed against obstructions, or caught in eddies. They must never be allowed to come broadside to the stream, for being flat-bottomed they would at once be capsized and everything in them lost." When free from fever he was delighted to note the numbers of birds, several of them unknown, which swarmed on the river and its banks, all carefully noted in his Journals. One extract must suffice here: "Whenever we step on shore a species of plover, a plaguy sort of public-spirited individual, follows, flying overhead, and is most persevering in its attempts to give warning to all animals to flee from the approaching danger." But he was already weak with fever; was seized with giddiness whenever he looked up quickly, and if he could not catch hold of some support fell heavily—a bad omen for his chance of passing through the unknown country ahead; but his purpose never faltered for a moment. On January 1st, 1854, he was still on the river, but getting beyond Sekeletu's territory and allies to a region of dense forest, in the

open glades of which dwelt the Balonda, a powerful tribe, whose relations with the Makololo were precarious. Each was inclined to raid on the other since the Mambari and Portuguese half-castes had appeared with Manchester goods. These excited the intense wonder and cupidity of both nations. They listened to the story of cotton-mills as fairy dreams, exclaiming, "How can iron spin, weave, and print? Truly ye are gods!" and were already inclined to steal their neighbours' children—those of their own tribe they never sold at this time—to obtain these wonders out of the sea. Happily Livingstone had brought back with him several Balonda children who had been carried off by the Makololo. This, and his speeches to Manenko, the chieftainess of the district and niece of Shinte the head chief of the Balonda, gained them a welcome. This Amazon was a strapping young woman of twenty, who led their party through the forest at a pace which tried the best walkers. She seems to have been the only native whose will ever prevailed against Livingstone's. He intended to proceed up to her uncle Shinte's town in canoes: she insisted that they should march by land, and ordered her people to shoulder his baggage in spite of him. "My men succumbed, and left me powerless. I was moving off in high dudgeon to the canoes, when she kindly placed her hand on my shoulder, and with a motherly look said, 'Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done.' My feeling of annoyance of course vanished, and I went out to try for some meat. My men, in admiration of her pedestrian powers, kept remarking, 'Manenko is a soldier,' and we were all glad when she proposed a halt for the night." Shinte received them in his town, the largest and best laid

out that Livingstone had seen in Central Africa, on a sort of throne covered with leopard skin. The kotla, or place of audience, was one hundred yards square. Though in the sweating stage of an intermittent fever, Livingstone held his own with the chief, gave him an ox as "his mouth was bitter from want of flesh," advised him to open a trade in cattle with the Makololo, and to put down the slave-trade; and, after spending more than a week with him, left amid the warmest professions of friendship. Shinte found him a guide of his tribe, Intemese by name, who was to stay by them till they reached the sea, and at a last interview hung round his neck a conical shell of such value that two of them, so his men assured him, would purchase a slave.

Soon they were out of Shinte's territory, and Intemese became the plague of the party, though unluckily they could not dispense with him altogether in crossing the great flooded plains of Lebala. They camped at night on mounds, where they had to trench round each hut and use the earth to raise their sleeping places. "My men turned out to work most willingly, and I could not but contrast their conduct with that of Intemese, who was thoroughly imbued with the slave spirit, and lied on all occasions to save himself trouble." He lost the pontoon too, thereby adding greatly to their troubles. They now came to the territory of another great chief Katema, who received them hospitably, sending food and giving them solemn audience in his kotla surrounded by his tribe. A tall man of forty, dressed in a snuff-brown coat with a broad band of tinsel down the arms, and a helmet of beads and feathers. He carried a large fan with charms attached, which he waved

constantly during the audience, often laughing heartily—"a good sign, for a man who shakes his sides with mirth is seldom difficult to deal with." "I am the great Moene Katema," was his address; "I and my fathers have always lived here, and there is my father's house. I never killed any of the traders; they all come to me. I am the great Moene Katema, of whom you have heard." On hearing Livingstone's object, he gave him three guides, who would take him by a northern route, along which no traders had passed, to avoid the plains, impassable from the floods. He accepted Livingstone's present of a shawl, a razor, some beads and buttons, and a powder-horn graciously, laughing at his apologies for its smallness, and asking him to bring a coat from Loanda, as the one he was wearing was old.

From this point troubles multiplied, and they began to be seriously pressed for food. The big game had disappeared, and they were glad to catch moles and mice. Every chief demanded a present for allowing them to pass, and the people of the villages charged exorbitantly for all supplies. On they floundered, however, through flooded forests. In crossing the river Loka, Livingstone's ox got from him, and he had to strike out for the farther bank. "My poor fellows were dreadfully alarmed, and about twenty of them made a simultaneous rush into the water for my rescue, and just as I reached the opposite bank one seized me by the arms, and another clasped me round the body. When I stood up it was most gratifying to see them all struggling towards me. Part of my goods were brought up from the bottom when I was safe. Great was their pleasure when they found I could swim like themselves, and I felt most grateful to

those poor heathens for the promptitude with which they dashed in to my rescue." Farther on, the people tried to frighten them with the account of the deep rivers they had yet to cross, but his men laughed. "'We can all swim,' they said; 'who carried the white man across the river but himself?' I felt proud of their praise."

On March 4th they reached the country of the Chiboques, a tribe in constant contact with the slave-dealers. Next day their camp was surrounded by the nearest chief and his warriors, evidently bent on plunder. They paused when they saw Livingstone seated on his camp-stool, with his double-barrelled gun across his knees, and his Makololo ready with their javelins. The chief and his principal men sat down in front at Livingstone's invitation to talk over the matter, and a palaver began as to the fine claimed by the Chiboque. "The more I yielded the more unreasonable they became, and at every fresh demand a shout was raised, and a rush made round us with brandished weapons. One young man even made a charge at my head from behind, but I quickly brought round the muzzle of my gun to his mouth and he retreated. My men behaved with admirable coolness. The chief and his counsellors, by accepting my invitation to be seated, had placed themselves in a trap, for my men had quietly surrounded them, and made them feel that there was no chance of escaping their spears. I then said that as everything had failed to satisfy them they evidently meant to fight, and if so, they must begin, and bear the blame before God. I then sat silent for some time. It was certainly rather trying, but I was careful not to seem flurried; and having four barrels ready for instant action,

looked quietly at the savage scene around." The palaver began again, and ended in the exchange of an ox for a promise of food, in which he was wofully cheated. "It was impossible to help laughing, but I was truly thankful that we had so far gained our point as to be allowed to pass without shedding human blood."

He now struck north to avoid the Chiboque, and made for the Portuguese settlement of Cassange through dense forest and constant wet. Here another fever fit came on, so violent that "I could scarcely, after some hours' trial, get a lunar observation in which I could repose confidence. Those who know the difficulties of making observations and committing them all to paper will sympathise with me in this and many similar instances."

At this crisis, when the goal was all but at hand, obstacles multiplied till it seemed that after all it would never be reached. First his riding ox, Sindbad—a beast "blessed with a most intractable temper," and a habit of bolting into the bush to get his rider combed off by a climber, and then kicking at him—achieved a triumph in his weak state when "my bridle broke, and down I came backwards on the crown of my head, receiving as I fell a kick on the thigh. . . . This last attack of fever reduced me almost to a skeleton. The blanket which I used as a saddle, being pretty constantly wet, caused extensive abrasion of the skin, which was continually healing and getting sore again." Then the guides missed their way and led them back into Chiboque territory, where the demands of the chief of every village for "a man, an ox, or a tusk," for permission to pass, began again. Worst of all, signs of mutiny began to show

themselves amongst the Batoka men of his party, who threatened to turn back. He appeased them by giving a tired ox to be killed at the Sunday's halt. "Having thus as I thought silenced their murmurs, I sank into a state of torpor, and was oblivious of all their noise. On Sunday the mutineers were making a terrible din in preparing the skin. I requested them twice to be more quiet as the noise pained me, but as they paid no attention to this civil request, I put out my head and, repeating it, was answered by an impudent laugh. Knowing that discipline would be at an end if this mutiny was not quelled, and that our lives depended on vigorously upholding authority, I seized a double-barrelled pistol and darted out with such a savage aspect as to put them to precipitate flight. They gave no further trouble." Every night now they had to build a stockade, and by day to march in a compact body, knowing the forest to be full of enemies dogging their path, for now they had nothing to give as presents, the men having even divested themselves of all their copper ornaments to appease the Chiboque harpies. "Nothing, however, disturbed us, and for my part I was too ill to care much whether we were attacked or not." They struggled on, the Chiboque natives, now joined by bodies of traders, opposing at every ford, Livingstone no longer wondering why expeditions from the interior failed to reach the coast. "Some of my men proposed to return home, and the prospect of being obliged to turn back from the threshold of the Portuguese settlements distressed me exceedingly. After using all my powers of persuasion I declared that if they now returned I should go on alone, and returning into my little tent, I lifted up my heart to Him who hears

the sighing of the soul. Presently the head-man came in. 'Do not be disheartened,' he said; 'we will never leave you. Wherever you lead, we will follow. Our remarks were only made on account of the injustice of these people.' Others followed, and with the most artless simplicity of manner told me to be comforted—'they were all my children; they knew no one but Sekeletu and me, and would die for me: they had spoken in bitterness of spirit, feeling they could do nothing.'"

On April 1st they gained the ridge which overlooks the valley of the Quango, and the Portuguese settlements on the farther bank. "The descent is so steep that I was obliged to dismount, though so weak that I had to be supported. Below us, at a depth of 1000 feet, lay the magnificent valley of the Quango. The view of the Vale of Clyde, from the spot where Mary witnessed the battle of Langside, resembles in miniature the glorious sight which was here presented to our view." On the 4th they were close to the Quango, here one hundred and fifty yards broad, when they were stopped for the last time by a village chief, and surrounded by his men. The usual altercation ensued, Livingstone refusing to give up his blanket—the last article he possessed except his watch and instruments and Sekeletu's tusks, which had been faithfully guarded—until on board the canoes in which they were to cross. "I was trying to persuade my people to move on to the bank in spite of them, when a young half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia, Cypriano di Abren, who had come across in search of bees'-wax, made his appearance, and gave the same advice." They marched to the bank—the chief's men

opening fire on them but without doing any damage—made terms with the ferrymen by Cypriano's help, crossed the Quango, and were at the end of their troubles.

Four days they stopped with Cypriano, who treated them royally, killing an ox and stripping his garden to feast them, and sending them on to Cassange with provisions of meal ground by his mother and her maids. "I carried letters from the Chevalier du Prat of Cape Town, but I am inclined to believe that my friend Cypriano was influenced by feelings of genuine kindness excited by my wretched appearance."

At Cassange they were again most hospitably treated, and here, before starting for Loanda, three hundred miles, they disposed of Sekeletu's tusks, which sold for much higher prices than those given by Cape traders. "Two muskets, three small barrels of powder, and English calico and baize enough to clothe my whole party, with large bunches of beads, were given for one tusk, to the great delight of my Makololo, who had been used to get only one gun for two tusks. With another tusk we purchased calico—the chief currency here to pay our way to the coast. The remaining two were sold for money to purchase a horse for Sekeletu at Loanda." Livingstone was much struck both by the country he passed through and the terms on which the Portuguese lived with the natives. Most of them had families by native women, who were treated as European children and provided for by their fathers. Half-caste clerks sat at table with the whites, and he came to the conclusion that "nowhere in Africa is there so much good-will between Europeans and natives as here."

The dizziness produced by his twenty-seven attacks of fever on the road made it all he could do to stick on Sindbad, who managed to give him a last ducking in the Lombe. "The weakening effects of the fever were most extraordinary. For instance, in attempting to take lunar observations I could not avoid confusion of time and distance, neither could I hold the instrument steady, nor perform a simple calculation." He rallied a little in crossing a mountain range. As they drew near Loanda the hearts of his men began to fail, and they hinted their doubts to him. "If you suspect me you can return," he told them, "for I am as ignorant of Loanda as you; but nothing will happen to you but what happens to me. We have stood by one another hitherto, and will do so till the last."

The first view of the sea staggered the Makololo. "We were marching along with our father," they said, "believing what the ancients had told us was true, that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me.'"

The fever had produced chronic dysentery, which was so depressing that Livingstone entered Loanda in deep melancholy, doubting the reception he might get from the one English gentleman, Mr. Gabriel, the Commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade. He was soon undeceived. Mr. Gabriel received him most kindly, and, seeing the condition he was in, gave him up his own bed. "Never shall I forget the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English bed after six months' sleeping on the ground. I was soon asleep; and Mr. Gabriel coming in almost immediately after, rejoiced in the soundness of my repose."

CHAPTER VI

ACROSS AFRICA—LOANDA TO QUILEMANE

1854-57

THE journey to Loanda had severely tried Livingstone's splendid constitution. Though he rallied from his first attack in a few days, he was subject to severe relapses, the last of which, in August, entirely prostrated him. He was reduced to a skeleton, but under the care of Mr. Gabriel and the surgeon of the *Polyphemus*, recovered, and was thankful to find that the lassitude which had not left him for months had at last disappeared. His preparations for the return journey to Linyanti were now pushed on, and he started eastward on September 20th. During his attacks of fever he had been unable to look after his twenty-seven Makololo, whom he had brought safely through so many perils, but on his recovery was pleased and relieved to find how well they had managed to shift for themselves. They had established a brisk trade in firewood, which they collected in the wild country and sold at a cheaper rate than regular wood-carriers; and had also been employed at sixpence a day, for each man, in unloading an English vessel which had brought out coal for the cruisers on the station.

These, the *Pluto* and *Philomel*, were now visited on

the captain's invitation by Livingstone with his men. "It is not a canoe at all, it is a town! and what sort of a town that you climb up into with a rope?" the Makololo wondered. "These are all my countrymen, sent by our Queen to put down those who buy and sell black men," Livingstone told them, pointing to the sailors. "Truly, they are just like you!" the Makololo replied, and were soon forward amongst the crew, who shared their dinners with them, and otherwise petted them in "the kotla," as they called the sailors' deck. He himself became fast friends with Captains Skene and Bedingfield, and a hearty admirer of the British Navy, the officers of which he had once looked on as idlers, maintained by the hard-working nation, and the men as reckless ne'er-do-weels, who gloried in fearing neither God, nor man, nor devil, "and made our wooden walls floating hells." It was not the first or the last of his early prejudices that the great Puritan traveller was destined to outlive.

Seeing his wretched state of health the captains urged him to go home, offering him a passage with them to St. Helena. Other friends supported them, urging him to take passage on board the *Forerunner* mail-packet, by which he was sending home his letters, with journals, maps, and observations, laboriously drawn up for his employers, the Geographical Society, and the Astronomer-Royal. The temptation was great, as he had found no letter from home, nor despatch, at Loanda, but he put it resolutely aside, knowing that his Makololo could never get back without him, and having pledged his word to Sekeletu to see them home. The *Forerunner* was lost off Madeira with all her passengers but one;

and he had to stop for several weeks on his eastward march at Pungo Adongo, to reproduce his despatches and maps—a feat equal to that of Carlyle in re-writing the volume of his *French Revolution* after its destruction by J. S. Mill's housemaid. The party left Loanda loaded with presents, and with the good wishes of the people, high and low. The bishop, who was acting governor of the province, gave Livingstone orders for supplies by the way while in Angola, and introductions to the officials on the east coast if he should ever get there; a horse, uniform, and other presents for Sekeletu; and to his men, suits of clothing, in addition to those of striped calico, with red caps, in which Mr. Gabriel had already arrayed them. The merchants sent specimens of their wares, and two donkeys, the only beast of burden which is proof against the poisonous bite of the tsetse fly. Thus loaded, they set off, on September 20th, 1854, making a southern detour along the coast, and through the provinces of Massangano, Cassange, and of Golungo Alto, before returning to their old route beyond the Portuguese border.

Everywhere Livingstone was struck with the richness of the country and the blighting influence of the slave-trade. His progress was tediously slow, as the men became footsore on the dry roads, and had frequent attacks of fever, through which he nursed them successfully, bringing home every man of the twenty-seven safe to Linyanti. He was not so successful with Sekeletu's horse, which sickened and died after detaining them several days. Then came his halt at Pungo Adongo, to reproduce his despatches, and then more attacks of fever, so that he did not get clear of Angola till February, 1855.

He left the province with very mixed feelings—gratitude to the Portuguese, high and low, for their great kindness to himself, and sanguine anticipations alternating with doubts as to their views with regard to the slave-trade; a keener sense than ever of the blighting effects of that trade, which had reduced the morality of the Angola tribes, especially in the matter of theft, far below that of the Bechuana and Makololo—"At Kolobeng, where slavery is unknown, we never locked our doors night or day"—and a painful sense of the contrast between the condition of the people and the brightness and richness of the country.

They found the Chiboque head-men, though much more easy to deal with than they had been in 1853 on their way to the coast, still hostile and exacting whenever they saw a chance. On only one occasion, however, was there any danger of a collision. Livingstone had been prostrated by rheumatic fever and obliged to halt for eight days, during which his men managed to quarrel with the nearest head-man. When they moved on at last, they were followed by crowds of Chiboque from all the neighbouring villages. "They began by knocking down the burdens of the hindmost of my men, and several shots were fired, each party spreading out on both sides of the path. I fortunately had a six-barrelled revolver, and with this in my hand staggered along the path with two or three of my men and encountered the chief. The sight of six barrels gaping into his stomach, with my own ghastly visage looking daggers at his face, seemed to produce an instant revolution in his martial feelings, for he cried out, 'Oh, I have only come to speak to you, and wish peace only.' Both parties

crowded up to their chiefs. I requested all to sit down, and then said to the chief, 'If you have come with peaceable intentions, we have no other. Go home to your village.' He replied, 'I am afraid, lest you should shoot me in the back.' I rejoined, 'If I wanted to kill you I could shoot you in the face as well.' Mosantu called out to me, 'Don't give him your back.' But I said, 'Tell him to observe that I am not afraid of him,' and turning, mounted my ox and took my departure."

Slowly they retraced their steps, passing the Balonda, to whose great chief, Matiamvo, Livingstone much wished to pay a visit at his town, Mai, from whence he might have descended the Zambesi to the Makololo country. But the extra cost of the deviation, and the probability of Matiamvo not allowing him to pass out of his country to the south-east, hindered him. He found the tribes of the Balonda and Luba more uncivilised and better-looking than any of the tribes between them and the coast—a merry race, spending their time in gossip, funeral assemblies, and marriages. "This flow of animal spirits must be one reason why they are such an indestructible race."

On June 8th they forded the Lotembwa, here a mile wide and three feet deep, and regained their old path, crossing the great plains which they had seen under water on their outward march, and on which he now suffered from another severe attack of fever. But no physical depression could weaken his zeal or power of observation, and it was now that the solution of the problem of the river-system of Africa broke upon him. "I had learnt, partly from my own observation, partly from information derived from others, that the rivers of

this part of Africa took their rise in the same elevated region, and that all united in two main drains, the one flowing to the north by the Congo, the other to the south by the Zambesi. I was now standing on the central ridge that divided these two systems, and was surprised to find how slight its elevation was. Instead of the lofty snow-clad mountains we might have expected, we found frequently flat plains not more than 4000 feet above sea level, and 1000 feet lower than the western ridge we had already passed."

They were now getting amongst friends. At Katema's town, besides abundance of other food, they were presented with one of his white cows, which it took them two days to catch, and the chief's heart was made glad by a cloak of red baize ornamented with gold tinsel, a quarter of a pound of powder, and other articles. They found their pontoon where they had left it, carefully preserved, but useless, the mice having eaten holes in it. They passed through Shinte's country, distributing now the cuttings and seeds they had brought from Angola, custard apples, fig, coffee, and palm-oil trees, onions, garlic, and pepper. At Manenko's they went through a rite, consisting of libations of beer, in which drops of the blood of hosts and guests had been infused, after which they were reckoned as blood-relations.

At Libonta, the first Makololo town, they were received with extravagant joy, as men risen from the dead. Pitsane gave an account of their adventures in a speech of an hour, dwelling on the kindness of Mr. Gabriel and others to them, and the fact that Livingstone had opened a route for them to the coast, and had conciliated all the chiefs on the road. Next day was

observed, by Livingstone's desire, as a day of thanksgiving. "My men decked themselves in their best, and I found that although their goods were finished, they had managed to save suits of white, which with their red caps gave them rather a dashing appearance. They tried to walk like the soldiers they had seen at Loanda, and called themselves my 'braves' (batlabani). During the service they all sat with their guns over their shoulders, to the unbounded admiration of the women and children." The abundance of supplies poured in, drew from them apologies that they had nothing to give in return. "It does not matter; you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep," was the graceful reply.

Their progress down the Barotse valley was one long triumph, and they reached Linyanti on September 11th, 1855, having taken a year all but nine days on their return journey. Livingstone spent eight weeks at Linyanti with Sekeletu, starting for the east coast on November 3rd, 1855.

The intervening time was fully occupied in writing letters and despatches, doctoring and preaching; and, in the latter part, in preparing for his eastward journey. He was again disappointed in finding no letters from home, and only one, a year old, from Kuruman. This had been brought, with some packages of eatables, from Mrs. Moffat to the southern bank of the Zambesi by a party of Matabele, the enemies of the Makololo, who called across the river that they were from Moffat for "Nake." When the Makololo refused to believe them they left the packages, saying, "Here are the goods; we place them before you; if they perish, the guilt will be yours." The Makololo cautiously brought them to an

island in mid-stream, building a hut over them, in which Livingstone found them in perfect safety. Besides providing him an escort of one hundred and twenty men, ten slaughter cattle, three of his best riding oxen, and a large store of provisions, Sekeletu with his chief men accompanied him for some distance. Despite some relapses during Livingstone's absence towards the slave-trade, and one or two raids against his neighbours, Sekeletu succeeded in winning his warm regard. The chief had not only made his journeys possible, furnishing him with supplies which, even if he could have drawn for it, his meagre salary of £100 a year could not have procured, but showed the strongest personal devotion to him; insisting, for instance, on Livingstone taking his blanket for a bed when they were accidentally separated from their baggage in a tremendous tropical storm. "I was much affected," Livingstone writes, "by this act of kindness. If such men must perish by the advance of civilisation, as some races of animals do before others, it is a pity. God grant that ere this time come they may receive the Gospel—a solace for the soul in death."

On November 13th Sekeletu left them at Sesheke on the banks of the Zambesi, along which they proceeded till they came in sight of five columns of vapour—"smoke that sounds," or "Mosi-oa-tunya," as the Makololo called them—rising from the falls of which he and Oswell had heard years before. "Being persuaded that Mr. Oswell and myself were the very first Europeans who ever saw the Zambesi in the heart of Africa, I decided to use the same liberty as the Makololo had done, and named them the Falls of Victoria, the only English name I have affixed to any part of the

country. . . . The whole scene is extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of every variety of colour and form." Changing his canoe for a lighter one manned by men who knew the rapids well, he descended them till he reached an island in mid-river, on the very edge of the lip over which the water rolls. "From the end of the island where we first landed, though within a few yards of the falls, no one could see where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in a transverse fissure only 80 feet wide. Creeping with awe to the end of the island, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream 1800 yards broad leaped down 320 feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of 15 or 20 yards. The falls are simply caused by a crack in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank, and then prolonged from the left bank away through 30 or 40 miles of hills." After wondering and delighted survey, he planted the peach and apricot stones and coffee seed he had brought from Angola, feeling sure that here they would never want water. "I bargained for a hedge with one of the Makololo, and if he is faithful, I have great hopes of Mosi-oa-tunya's abilities as a nurseryman. My only fear is the hippopotami, whose footprints I saw on the island. When the garden was prepared I cut my initials on a tree, and the date 1855, the only instance in which I indulged in this piece of vanity."

Reasoning, as was his wont, over the geological and geographical problems which the falls forced upon him, he came to the conclusion that before the river broke

through this rent the whole country between 17° and 21° south latitude was one vast freshwater lake, a conclusion which he found on his return home that Sir Roderick Murchison had already propounded to the Geographical Society.

They now quitted the Zambesi and moved north-east, the camp getting into good marching-order. There were groups from several tribes subject to the Makololo, who took orders from their own head-man and messed by themselves. "Each party knew its own spot in the encampment, and each took it in turn to pull grass to make my bed, so that I lay luxuriously." And so they plodded on for the point where they were again to come on the Zambesi, below the long series of rapids. The western part of this region had once been densely peopled, and they passed again and again the remains of "a large town which must have been inhabited for a long period, for the millstones of gneiss, trap, and quartz were worn down 2½ inches perpendicular." The forest was now fast resuming its undisputed reign.

The tribes amongst which they came on nearing the Zambesi again, proved as hostile as the Chiboque; indeed, at the confluence of the Loangwa and Zambesi he encountered the most serious danger from natives he had yet met with. As the neighbouring tribes gathered round to hinder his crossing, and he was waiting for canoes, he wrote in his Journal of January 14th: "Thank God for His great mercies thus far. How soon I may be called before Him, my righteous Judge, I know not . . . On Thy word alone I lean. The cause is Thine. See, O Lord, how the heathen rise up against me as they did against Thy Son . . . It seems a pity that the

facts about the two healthy longitudinal regions should not be known in Christendom. Thy will be done." And late on the same evening: "Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But Jesus came and said, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations. . . . And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there is an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night as I intended. It would appear as flight, and should such a man as I flee? Nay verily, I shall take observations for longitude and latitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God." So he took his observations in his small camp, surrounded by crowds of armed natives, and early next morning began to send off his people, cattle, and baggage, in the one canoe he had secured, to an island in mid-stream, here a mile in breadth. He remained to occupy the post of honour, being the last man to enter the canoe; keeping the surrounding savages amused with his watch, burning-glass, etc., until he could step in himself and push off, thanking them and wishing them peace. By night he and his whole party were safely encamped on the left bank.

Here Livingstone came upon the remains of a church and a broken bell with "I.H.S." and a cross, showing that at one time the Portuguese settlements had extended to this point, and on the 17th they met a man in jacket and hat, but quite black, who had come up from Tette, the northernmost post on the river. He told them that

the Portuguese and natives on this bank had been at war for the last two years. He advised them to cross to the south bank, but they could not get canoes. They were now in Mpende's country, the most powerful chief of the district, and at first were threatened with attack. Numbers of Mpende's fighting men gathered round at half a mile's distance on the 23rd. "I ordered an ox to be slaughtered as a means of inspiring courage, and have no doubt we should have been victorious. . . . The roasting of meat went on fast and furious, and my young men said, 'You have seen us with elephants, but you don't know what we can do with men.'" He now sent a leg of the ox to Mpende by men who came near as spies, and "presently two old men came from Mpende to inquire who I was. I replied, 'I am a Lekoa' (an Englishman). They said, 'We don't know that tribe. We supposed you are a Mouzunga (Portuguese), the tribe we are fighting with.'" He then showed them his skin, and they said, "'No, we never saw skin so white as that. You must be one of the tribe that loves the black men.' I of course gladly responded in the affirmative." So the men returned to Mpende, who in council resolved to allow them to pass. "When we knew the favourable decision, I sent Sekwebu to purchase a canoe for one of my men who had become very ill, upon which Mpende remarked, 'This white man is truly one of our friends. See how he lets me know his afflictions.'" From this time he did all he could to help them, sending orders to the people of a large island lower down to ferry them across. This was done on the 29th, at a spot where the Zambesi was twelve hundred yards wide, and flowing at 3¾ miles an hour. "I was very thankful to

find myself on the south bank, and having nothing else, I sent back one of my two spoons and a shirt as a thank-offering to Mpende."

He was now amongst unwarlike tribes who looked on his men as desperadoes, the like of whom they had never seen before. "I see you are travelling with people who don't know how to pray," was the remark of a Banyai hunter on seeing their headlong attack on an elephant and wild dance round the body of the prostrate beast, "I therefore offered the only thing I had on their behalf" (some snuff which he had poured out as an offering to the Baremo) "and the elephant soon fell." Others offered loud prayers for their success, thereby eliciting Livingstone's admiration at their devout belief in unseen beings. "My own people, who are rather a degraded lot, remarked to me as I came up, 'God gave it to us. He said to the old beast, go up there, men are come who will kill and eat you.'"

His progress now was slow but peaceful, giving him leisure to dwell on and enjoy the teeming life of the tropical forests, the song of birds,—not so harmonious, but as full in volume as in England, stilled during the hot dry hours, but with the first shower bursting into merry lays and loving courtship,—the hum of insects in the quietest parts of the forest, "whisking about in the clear sunshine among the green glancing leaves; but there are invisible myriads, all brimful of enjoyment, working with never-tiring mandibles on leaves and stalks, and beneath the soil. Indeed, the universality of organic life seems like a mantle of happy existence encircling the world, and betokening the presence of our benignant Father's smile on the works of His hands."

So muses the great traveller, in a different frame of mind to the dominant school of our modern philosophers.

Passing out of the forest country and over a rough stony country with no path, "on the evening of 2d March I halted about 8 miles from Tette, and feeling too fatigued to proceed, sent forward to the Commandant the letters with which I had been favoured by the Bishop of Angola and others. About 2 A.M. on the 3d we were roused by two officers and a company of soldiers, who had been sent with the materials for a civilised breakfast, and a 'masheela' (litter) to bring me to Tette. My companions called me in alarm, thinking we had been captured by armed men. When I understood their errand, and had partaken of a good breakfast, all my fatigue vanished, though I had just before been too tired to sleep. It was the most refreshing breakfast I ever partook of, and I walked the last 8 miles without the least feeling of weariness, though the path was so rough that one of the officers remarked to me, 'This is enough to tear a man's life out of him.'"

He stayed a month with Major Sicard, the Commandant, whose kindness to the whole party he gratefully acknowledged. From him he heard of the three years' war, during which Tette had been sacked. "Had I attempted to reach this coast instead of Loanda in 1853 I should probably have been cut off. My present approach was just at the conclusion of peace, and when the Portuguese authorities were informed that I was expected to come this way, they declared that no European could possibly pass through the tribes. Some natives at last came down the river, and in allusion to the sextant and artificial horizon said 'that the son of God had

come, who was able to take down the sun from heaven and place it under his arm.' Major Sicard then felt sure this was the man he expected." Here Livingstone left all his Makololo but sixteen of the best canoe men, on land which the Commandant gave them to raise food upon, allowing them also to hunt and trade. They were well content with their prospects, though many more would have preferred to go on with him, and he was pleased to see that sixty or seventy had started to hunt, while the rest had established a brisk trade in firewood, before he started in April for Senna in Major Sicard's own boat.

Senna he found in even worse plight than Tette, the half-caste inhabitants paying fines to the Landeens, who treated the Portuguese outside the fort as a conquered tribe. He left Senna on May 11th, the whole population accompanying him to the boats. They reached Quilemane on May 20th, and from thence he sent back all his men but Sekwebu to Tette, where there was food, there to await his return. He deposited Sekeletu's tusks with Colonel Nunes, the Commandant, who promised in the event of his death to sell them and hand the proceeds to his men. "I explained this to the men, and they replied, 'Nay, father, you will return to take us back to Sekeletu.' They promised to wait till I came back, and on my part I assured them that nothing but death would prevent my return."

After six weeks H.M. brig *Frolic* arrived, with an offer from the Admiral at the Cape of a passage to the Mauritius, which he gladly accepted. He and Sekwebu went on board on July 12th, through breakers which swept over the pinnace. "'Is this the way you go?' Sekwebu asked. I smiled and said, 'Don't you see

it is?' and tried to encourage him." They were hoisted on board in a chair, and warmly welcomed by Captain Peyton and his crew. Sekwebu began to pick up English, and was becoming a favourite with the sailors on the voyage to the Mauritius, which they reached on August 12th, but he seemed bewildered, and often said, "What a strange country this is! All water together."

"When we reached the Mauritius a steamer came out to tow us into the harbour. The constant strain on his untutored mind seemed now to reach a climax, for during the night he became insane. I thought at first he was drunk. He had descended into a boat, and when I attempted to go down and bring him up he ran to the stern and said, 'No! no! it is enough that I die alone. You must not die: if you come I shall throw myself into the water.' Perceiving that his mind was affected, I said, 'Now, Sekwebu, we are going to Ma Robert.' This struck a chord in his bosom, and he said, 'Oh yes! Where is she, and where is Robert?' and became more composed. In the evening, however, a fresh fit occurred. He tried to spear one of the crew, and then jumped overboard, and though he could swim well, pulled himself down, hand under hand, by the chain cable. We never found the body of poor Sekwebu."

After a month's stay at the Mauritius with General Hay, the Governor, during which he got rid of an enlarged spleen, the result of African fever, he took passage home in the P. and O. steamer *Candia*, and arrived on December 12th, to find himself the most famous man for the time in the British Isles.

CHAPTER VII

HOME

1857-59

In consequence of an accident to the P. and O. steamer in the Bay of Tunis, the passengers were landed at Marseilles, and sent home by Paris and Dover. On landing, Livingstone hastened to Southampton, where his wife was waiting. "Man must work, but woman must weep." What the great explorer's wife had borne in those five years may be gathered from a few lines of a little poem of welcome, which has somehow got into print, and so may be used here:

"You'll never leave me, darling—there's a promise in your eye;
I may tend you while I'm living, you will watch me when I die.
How did I live without you through those long, long years of woe?
It seems as tho' 'twould kill me to be parted from you now.
And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home on high,
What a hundred thousand welcomes will await you in the sky!"

They reached London on December 9th, where the "well-done" of a proud and grateful nation broke on the simple pious missionary with bewildering force and unanimity. On the 15th, at a special meeting of welcome at the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison, in presenting the Patron's Gold Medal, while

dwelling on the thousands of miles of the dark and hitherto unexplored continent now accurately laid down in charts, insisted above all on the Doctor's heroic faithfulness to his native followers, drawing from him the protest that Oswell, Steele, or Vardon (all present) could have done all that he had done. On the 16th the London Missionary Society, with Lord Shaftesbury in the chair, welcomed him at a special meeting. A gathering was held at the Mansion-House to consider the best form of a testimonial, and other public receptions threatened him from all sides.

From these he broke away in January, to visit his mother and family at Hamilton. His father had died while he was on his way home. "You wished so much to see David," the old man's daughter had said in his last hours. "Aye, very much! very much! but the will of the Lord be done," he answered; and after a pause, "But I think I'll know whatever is worth knowing about him. Tell him I think so, when you see him." They told him, and as he looked at the empty chair the strong man wept. "We bless thee, O Lord, for our parents: we give thee thanks for the dead who has died in the Lord," he prayed that night in conducting their family worship.

On his return to London, at the end of January, he undertook, somewhat unwillingly, to write an account of his travels, urged thereto by Sir R. Murchison and Mr. John Murray. "I would sooner have crossed Africa again," he murmured, but buckled to his task.

"I begin to-morrow to write my book, and as I have 110 men waiting for me at Tette, whom I promised to rejoin in April next, you will see I shall have enough to

do to get through my work here. . . . Here they laud me till I shut my eyes for only trying to do my duty. They ought to vote thanks to the Boers, who set me free to discover this fine new country. They were determined to shut the country and I to open it. . . . I got the gold medal as you predicted, and the freedom of the town of Hamilton, which ensures me protection from the payment of fees if put in prison." So he wrote to Sir T. Maclear on January 21st, and set to work on his book, but not even his energy could finish this unaccustomed work in the time he had given himself. He took lodgings at Chelsea, and gave himself to his work, and to the enjoyment of family life once more, the only drawback being the well-meant efforts of gentle and simple to make a lion of him. It was not till the later summer that he was again comparatively free, and then the round of meetings and speeches began again. The freedom of the City of London was presented to him in a gold box. In August he was the guest of the British Association at their Dublin meeting. In September the Corporation of Glasgow, the University, and other public bodies entertained him, and he was presented with another gold box with the freedom of the city, and with £2000 by the citizens as a testimonial. At Blantyre, his native village, the Literary Institution gave a reception, and managed to get out of him the story of his encounter with the lion. Edinburgh followed, and got three speeches out of him: then Leeds, Liverpool, and Birmingham: after which he wrote to Sir R. Murchison, "Farewell to public spouting for ever. I am dead tired of it." Oxford and Cambridge, however, were still to be done in November and December, whence he retired with

Doctor's degrees. The latter University charmed him particularly, as he found himself in the congenial society of Sedgwick, Selwyn, and Whewell, and he gave a memorable address in the Senate-House, which bore remarkable fruit. It was an urgent appeal for volunteers in missionary work. "It is deplorable to think that one of the noblest of our missionary bodies, the Church Missionary Society, is compelled to send to Germany for missionaries. . . . The sort of men who are wanted for missionaries are such as I see before me. . . . I beg to direct your attention to Africa. I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open. Do not let it be shut again. I go back to Africa to try to open a path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you."

The publication of his book made him at once a rich man, having regard to his needs and habits. This, and the appointment of Consul for the east coast of Africa which was offered him by Lord Palmerston, determined him, after much deliberation, to resign his connection with the London Missionary Society. They parted on the most friendly terms, though his action was misunderstood and sharply criticised in the (so-called) religious press. And now his preparations for returning began in earnest. His commission was signed in February, and Lord Clarendon sent him to the Admiralty to make his arrangements, adding, "Just come here and tell me what you want, and I will give it you." He also furnished him with an official letter to Sekeletu, thanking him, in the Queen's name, for his kindness to her servant, and hoping that he would help to keep "God's

highway"—the river Zambesi—free to all people, and to suppress the slave-trade, which the British, as a Christian and commercial people, hated. He found the Admiralty ready to send out a large and expensive expedition, but cut it down to strictly necessary limits.

As the day of his departure drew near, his friends in the Royal and the Geographical Societies pressed for a last gathering to bid him God-speed, and it was arranged to entertain him at a public dinner on February 13th. On the morning of that day he had an interview with the Queen, who assured him of her good wishes: and in the evening a company of three hundred and fifty, including the most eminent men in England, gathered at the Freemasons' Tavern under the presidency of Sir R. Murchison, who dwelt again on his return from Loanda with his men, "leaving for himself in that country a glorious name, and proving to the people of Africa what an English Christian is," and on the nobleness of the man who, "after eighteen months of laudation from all classes of his countrymen, and after receiving all the honours our Universities and cities could shower on him, is still the same honest true-hearted David Livingstone as when he issued from the wilds of Africa." The Duke of Argyll and Bishop Wilberforce followed, and then Professor Owen, with cordial testimony to the accuracy of his geological observations and the happiness of his conjectures, tempered only by regret that he should have destroyed the moral character of the lion. Livingstone's reply was direct and simple as ever. He did not look, he said, for any speedy result from his mission, but was sanguine for the future. He and his companions might get in the thin end of the wedge, which England

would drive home. He rejoiced that his wife, always the main spoke in his wheel, was to go with him. She would be most helpful, as she was familiar with the language, able to work and ready to endure, and well knew that out there one must put one's hand to everything. "Glad indeed am I that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel." For himself, with all eyes resting on him, he felt bound to do better than he had ever done.

The last preparations were now hurried on, and the last letters written. In one of these, to his old friend Young, he gave some testamentary directions, ending, "my left arm" (the one which had been injured by the lion and had now a double joint) "goes to Professor Owen, mind. This is the will of David Livingstone." To Sir Roderick: "Many blessings be on you and yours, and if we never meet again on earth, may we through infinite mercy meet in heaven." To which the President answered: "Accept my warmest thanks for your farewell note. Believe me, my dear friend, that no transaction in my somewhat long and very active life has so truly rewarded me as my intercourse with you, for from beginning to end it has been one continued bright gleam."

The expedition embarked in H.M. Colonial steamer *Pearl* at Liverpool on March 10th, 1859. They took Oswell, their youngest child, with them, leaving the others in England. From on board in the Mersey he wrote his last note to his eldest son:

"MY DEAR TOM—We are off again, and trust that He who rules the waves will watch over us and remain with you, to bless us and make us blessings to our fellow-men.

The Lord be with you and be very gracious to you. Avoid and hate sin, and cleave to Jesus as your Saviour from guilt. Tell grandma we are off again, and Janet will tell all about us."

So he went away again, having, as the result of his eighteen months at home—as was said with no great exaggeration at the farewell dinner—found Africa the dark continent, and left it the most interesting part of the globe to Englishmen.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ZAMBESI EXPEDITION—TO LINYANTI AND BACK

1859-61

CONSUL LIVINGSTONE, on the deck of the *Pearl*, returning to the dark continent as the representative of the first naval and colonial power in the world, commander of a national expedition thoroughly furnished and adapted to the work, and with a free hand to carry on that work of exploring and civilising according to his own judgment, is perhaps the most strikingly successful figure which has appeared in our country during this century. The Scotch peasant's son, without resources, except what were furnished by native Africans, discouraged by his employers and his family, and stricken with almost continual fever, had opened a path across Africa, for the most part through countries in which no white man was ever known to have been before him. What might not Consul Livingstone, with the Queen's gold band round his cap and England behind him, now accomplish? With good reason all men's hopes ran high, and, on the whole, were not disappointed. Nevertheless, as in the case of so many of God's great workers, there is no repetition of that first triumphant success. The powers of evil muster more strongly after the first surprise, and

God's servant is allowed to be "evil entreated by tyrants, and has to wander out of the way in the wilderness," thankful in the end, while he himself has been purified in the fire, and taught his own weakness and his Lord's strength, if his Master's work has only not gone back in his hands.

He had cut the staff of the expedition down to a commander and crew for the steam launch (the *Ma Robert*, which was taken on board the *Pearl* in sections); a botanist, Dr. Kirk;[1] a mining geologist, Mr. C. Livingstone; and an assistant, Mr. R. Thornton. To each of these he gave separate written instructions as to their special work, impressing on all that "Her Majesty's Government attached most importance to the moral influence which might be exercised on the minds of the natives by a well-regulated and orderly household of Europeans, setting an example of consistent moral conduct, treating the people with kindness, teaching them to make experiments in agriculture, relieving their wants, explaining the more simple arts, imparting to them religious instruction as far as they are capable of receiving it, and inculcating peace and goodwill."

They sailed on March 10th, 1859, and reached the east coast, the scene of their work, in May. They had touched at Sierra Leone, and taken on board twelve Kroomen for the river navigation, and had received an enthusiastic reception at the Cape, which the Doctor contrasts drily in his Journal with his last visit five years before. Here the first of his serious trials met him.

[1] The present Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G., F.R.S., whose valuable career on the east coast, as H.M. Political Agent, has made its mark everywhere in those regions. He is the sole survivor of the original Zambesi Expedition.

Mrs. Livingstone was so unwell that he had to leave her and Oswell with Dr. and Mrs. Moffat, who had come down to meet them. On their arrival on the east coast their first object was to examine thoroughly the four channels by which the Zambesi reaches the sea. While this was in progress under Mr. Skead, R.N., Surveyor to the Cape Government, who had come on with them from Cape Town, the *Ma Robert* was screwed together and launched. The Kongone branch was found to be the best, and up this they sailed through twenty miles of mangrove jungle, full of strange birds and game, to the broad Zambesi. Beyond lay a fertile tract fifty miles broad, and thickly inhabited by Portuguese "colonos" or serfs, eager traders, which in good hands "would supply all Europe with sugar." Here, forty miles from the bar, the *Pearl* had to stop, and all the goods and supplies on board were landed on an island, whence they were gradually taken up, in the *Ma Robert* and pinnace, to Shupanga and Senna. During this work the first difficulty arose from the desire of Livingstone to get them all out of this hotbed of fever as soon as possible, and so pressing on the work. "The weak-minded" struck for no work on Sundays, and full hours for meals. "It is a pity," the Doctor comments, "that some people cannot see that the true and honest discharge of the duties of every-day life is Divine service." The naval officer in command now left him, and from that time the duties of captain were added to his other responsibilities. Opposite Shupanga they found war raging between a rebel half-caste and the Portuguese, and, coming into the thick of the fighting, the Portuguese governor in command, who was prostrated with fever,

was carried down to the steamer by Livingstone. In this district they found the Portuguese generally easy-going masters to their slaves, while the half-castes were almost always brutal, justifying the saying, "God made white men and black men, but the devil made half-castes." Steadily, but slowly, the *Ma Robert* steamed up to Tette, and on until stopped by the Kebrabasa Rapids, anchoring at night in the stream. "Why don't you come on shore and sleep like other people?" the natives hailed from the banks. "We are held to the bottom with iron: you may see we are not like you Bazunga," the Makololo proudly answered; for at Tette he had found his Makololo, who, by the help of Major Sicard, had maintained themselves, though thirty of their number had died of smallpox. "They told us you would never come back; but we trusted you, and now we shall have sleep," the survivors said, welcoming him with enthusiasm. There was no need to take them back at once to Linyanti, so the next few months were devoted to a thorough exploration of the Zambesi up to the Kebrabasa Rapids, which convinced him that, had he tried to descend that river in canoes on his former journey, he would have been certainly lost. On the other hand, Livingstone was convinced that a more powerful steamer might be taken up during the floods, and so open the river from Kebrabasa up to the Victoria Falls, in the heart of Africa and the Makololo country. So he wrote to his Government, who in due course responded by sending him out the *Pioneer*. Meantime he turned to doing what new work of exploration he could with the *Ma Robert*. That unlucky vessel had already lost the name of which she had proved herself unworthy, and been re-christened the

Asthmatic, from the puffing and groaning with which she managed her six or seven miles an hour, being easily passed by the native canoes. She consumed a monstrous amount of fuel, and was already leaking badly. However, bad as she was, he would make the best of her till she sank, and so—not without sarcastic comment on the eminent shipbuilder, who had sold her to the expedition a great bargain "for the love of the cause"—he proceeded to explore in her the Shirè, the largest northern affluent of the Zambesi between Tette and the coast. The Portuguese declared the river to be unnavigable. They had tried it, and found that not even canoes could force their way through the mass of aquatic plants; while the Manganja who lived on the banks were as hostile as they were warlike. However, the Doctor had learned to distrust the Portuguese as well as to rely on himself, and so started up the Shirè in January, 1859, navigating the *Asthmatic* himself, though, as he wrote to Miss Whately: "As far as my liking goes, I would as soon drive a cab in November fogs in London as be skipper in this hot sun." "Our Government," said the nearest Portuguese Commandant, "has ordered us to assist and protect you, but you go where we dare not follow, and how are we to protect you?"

The *Asthmatic*, however, went "snorting" through the duckweed easily enough, and on the river, accompanied on the banks by crowds of Manganja fully armed, who had sent away their women and passed word of the strange invasion from one river-village to another. The duckweed disappeared twenty-five miles up the river, and the Doctor landed and made friends with the chief Tingane, "an elderly well-made man, gray-headed,

and over 6 feet high," who called his people together to hear what the stranger's objects were. These had to be stated by an interpreter, as the dialect differed from that of Tette, so that the Doctor only understood enough to know whether the interpreter was reporting faithfully. This he did on the whole, but with "an inveterate tendency to wind up with 'the Book says you are to grow cotton, and the English are to come and buy it,' or with some joke of his own which might have been ludicrous had it not been seriously distressing." He found the Manganja already with some knowledge of the English efforts to suppress the slave-trade, and readily assenting to his earnest teaching that "the Father of all was seriously displeased with His children for selling and killing each other. . . . The bearing of the Manganja at this time was very independent—a striking contrast to the cringing attitude they afterwards assumed when the cruel scourge of slave-hunting passed over the country." Farther up they were stopped by four falls, which they named the Murchison Cataracts, and returned to Tette without further efforts for the present.

In March they returned again to the cataracts, made friends with the local chief, Chibisa, and leaving the steamer opposite his village, the two Doctors, with twenty-five Makololo, started north for the great lake of which the natives spoke. Their guides failed and deserted, and the natives were hostile, but they pressed on and upwards, until on April 18th they discovered Lake Shirwa, at a height of eighteen hundred feet, and upwards of sixty miles in length, in the midst of a beautiful and rich country bounded by mountains eight thousand feet high. Here they heard of a much larger lake to the north, but

not wishing just then to try the native temper further, they here turned back after taking observations, rejoined the steamer, and reached Tette on June 23rd.

He now descended the Zambesi to send the Kroomen home, get a supply of provisions, and beach the *Asthmatic* for repairs, returning in August for a third ascent of the Shirè, and a push forward to the great northern lake which they had as yet been unable to reach.

On the 29th they left the steamer and started—four whites, thirty-two Makololo, and four guides—for the discovery of Lake Nyassa. They found the Manganja beyond the Murchison Falls an industrious race, working in iron, cotton, clay, and making baskets and fish-nets, and men and women turning out for field-labour, but greatly addicted to the beer which they brew in large quantities and drink in a few days and nights, as it will not keep. They followed the Shirè above the cataracts, a broad and deep river with little current, arriving at the village of the chief Muana-Moesi in the middle of September. Here they were assured that the river stretched on for "two months," and then came out from between perpendicular rocks which could not be passed. "Let us go back to the ship," said the Makololo; "it is no use trying to find this lake." "We shall see the wonderful rocks at any rate," said the Doctor. "Yes," they pleaded, "and when you see them you will just want to see something else." The chief, who came up later, admitted that there was a lake. Scarcely had he left them when a wail arose from the river. A crocodile had carried off his principal wife: the Makololo seized their spears and rushed to the river, but too late. "The white men came," Muana-Moesi reported to his neigh-

bours, "bathed and rubbed themselves with a white medicine" (soap), "and his wife going afterwards to bathe was taken by a crocodile; he did not know whether in consequence of the medicine or not." On their return they were looked on with fear, all the men leaving this village till they passed. At noon on September 16th they discovered Lake Nyassa.

Here Livingstone was confirmed in his conviction that this splendid lake, with its bracing climate and rich banks, would become the key of Eastern Central Africa. But the curse of the slave-trade was already on it. They met Arabs with chain-gangs. The Makololo appealed to the Doctor: "Why won't you let us choke them? You call us bad, but are we like these fellows?"

To liberate these slaves would have been useless, as the neighbouring villagers would have re-taken and sold them again, so the Doctor sorrowfully refused; but the glorious country seemed to inspire him, and he wrote home: "I have a strong desire to commence a system of colonisation among the honest poor; I would give £2000 or £3000 for the purpose. Colonisation from such a country as ours ought to be one of hope, not of despair. It ought not to be looked on as the last shift a family can come to, but the performance of an imperative duty to our blood, our country, our religion, and to human-kind. . . . I wonder why we can't have the old monastery system without celibacy. In no part of the world I have been in does the prospect seem so inviting and promise so much influence."

Again he had to turn back, and on October 6th, 1859, they reached the ship once more.

He now felt that the time had come for taking back

the Makololo, but before starting west had to run down to Kongone for supplies and letters. These arrived in H.M. ship *Lynx*, Captain Berkeley, but unluckily the letter-bags were lost in the capsizing of a boat in the surf on the bar. With the efficient help of Captain Berkeley the *Asthmatic* was once more patched up, and they returned to Tette. Leaving her there, with the remaining two English sailors, the Doctor started west on May 15th. Several of the Makololo had married slaves and had children. By the Portuguese law all baptized children are free, but the law was of no force on the Zambesi. The officers laughed and said, "Lisbon laws are very stringent, but somehow, possibly from the heat, here they lose all their force." Only one woman, the wife of a Makololo, accompanied them. Several men stayed at Tette, while the rest started, though they were told they could stay if they liked. "Contact with slaves had destroyed their sense of honour; they would not go in daylight, but decamped in the night, in only one instance, however, taking our goods. By the time we had got well into the Kebrabasa hills, thirty men, nearly one-third of the party, had turned back."

Livingstone was never so happy as on one of these long tramps, where the camp was made up in the most orderly manner night after night, each group having their allotted place and fire under their head-man, with the fire of the Englishmen in the centre. He recounts the quaint talk which he heard on many subjects. Political discussions, as at home, moved them most. "The whole camp is roused, and the men shout to one another from the different fires. The misgovernment of chiefs furnishes an inexhaustible theme. 'We could

govern ourselves better,' they cry. 'What is the use of chiefs at all? They don't work. The chief is fat and has plenty of wives, whilst we who do the hard work have hunger and only one wife, more likely none. Now this must be bad, unjust, and wrong.' All shout a loud ēhē, equivalent to our 'Hear, hear.' Next the head-men Kanyata and Tuba, with his loud voice, take up the question on the loyal side. 'The chief is the father of his people. Can there be people without a father, eh? God made the chief. Who says the chief is not wise? He is wise, but his children fools.' Tuba goes on generally till he has silenced all opposition."

They averaged two and a half miles an hour, and marched six hours a day, the Doctor trying in all ways to make the march a pleasure. The four Englishmen had to do the shooting for food, and yet were surprised to find that they could tire their men out. The European constitution, Livingstone thinks, "has a power of endurance, even in the tropics, greater than that of the hardiest meat-eating Africans."

Parts of the country, formerly populous, they found deserted. Lions abounded at many places. The "majestic sneak," as the Doctor names the king of beasts, would come near the camp and roar, attracted by the smell of meat. On these occasions the men, who half believed the superstition that he is a chief in disguise, would remonstrate. Tuba: "You a chief, eh? You call yourself a chief, do you? What kind of chief are you to come sneaking round in the dark trying to steal our buffalo meat? Are you not ashamed of yourself? A pretty chief truly: you are like the scavenger beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of

a chief. Why don't you kill your own beef?" Another sedate man, who seldom spoke: "We are travelling peaceably through the country back to our own chief. We never killed people or stole anything. The buffalo meat is ours, and it does not become a great chief like you to be prowling about in the dark like a hyæna to steal the meat of strangers. Go and hunt for yourself. There is plenty of game in the forest."

In June they came amongst old acquaintances, Pangola and Mpende; and still travelling on, sighted Semalembore's mountains on July 9th. They sent him a present, and soon were in bracing air three thousand feet above sea-level, with superb views of the great Zambesi valley. From Kafue to the Falls they were amongst friends, and plentifully supplied, the men clapping their hands as they entered and left the villages, and the women lulilooing with the shrill call of "let us sleep" or "peace." Alas, there was cause for the cry, for here Livingstone became aware that Portuguese slave-dealers were following in his footsteps. "We were now so fully convinced," he writes, "that in opening the country through which no Portuguese durst pass previously, we were made the unwilling instruments of spreading the slave-trade, that had we not promised to return with the Makololo we should have left the Zambesi and gone to the Rovuma or some other inlet to the interior." They reached Sekeletu's country on August 4th, and soon saw the columns rising from the Victoria Falls, making a detour to visit them again and make a more careful inspection. Here they found Mr. Baldwin, a Natal gentleman, in a sort of durance to Mashotlane, the neighbouring head-man. He had arrived without a

guide by the aid of a pocket-compass, and, while Mashotlane was ferrying him over, jumped in and swam ashore. "If he had been devoured by a crocodile the English would have blamed us. He nearly did us a great injury, therefore we said he must pay a fine.'

From Mr. Baldwin Livingstone heard news which deeply grieved him. Mr. Baldwin had found a missionary party bound for Linyanti, at a well in the desert, starving. He shot game for them and enabled them to get to Linyanti. Here Mr. Helmore, the chief missionary, at once began active work preaching and teaching, but in a few weeks his wife sickened of fever and died. He held on gallantly himself, but was soon down and dead within a month, as were also three other of the nine Europeans in the mission. Helmore's associate missionary, who was young and ignorant of the language, went back with their native servants, four of whom also had died. The Doctor felt that if he had been a few months earlier all might have been saved, for he had now almost a specific for the fever. Dr. Kirk, after experimenting on himself with results which threatened disaster, had recovered almost at once on taking Livingstone's pills.

They found a sad state of things at Sesheke, where they met Sekeletu. He had been struck by leprosy and was isolated. He believed himself bewitched, and had put several chief men to death, had altered Sebituane's policy of conciliating the tribes he had subdued or attracted, and advanced none but pure Makololo. Moreover, there had been a long drought, which had scattered the people in search of food; the inferior chiefs were setting up for themselves, and Sebituane's empire was fast crumbling to pieces. However, Sekeletu received them most hospit-

ably, was pleased with the presents they brought, and insisted on their treating him for his leprosy. They did not entirely cure him, but left him in better spirits and health. Dr. Livingstone went on to Linyanti to get medicines and other things out of the waggon he had left there in 1853. He was received with every demonstration of joy, the town-crier proclaiming before dawn, "I have dreamed! I have dreamed! that Monare" (the Doctor) "was coming, and that the tribe would live if you prayed God and gave heed to the word of Monare," and Sekeletu's wives supplying abundant provisions. All was as he had left it, except that the white ants had eaten one of his waggon wheels. He returned to Sesheke, where they stayed till September, holding regular services as well as doctoring chief and people. On the 16th they started west again, accompanied by men selected by Sekeletu, who behaved splendidly. Thus on the canoes coming suddenly into rapids where the waves began to fill them, two men out of each jumped out at once and swam alongside, guiding the canoes. They then ordered a Batoka man to jump out, as "the white men must be saved." "I can't swim," said the Batoka man. "Jump out then, and hold on to the canoe," which he did at once, and they got safely down.

They reached Tette and the *Asthmatic* on November 21st, having been absent six months. The two sailors were well, and had kept the steamer afloat by constant patching, besides exercising other industries. Two sheep and two dozen fowls had been left with them, but they had bought two monkeys, who ate all the eggs till the natives stole the fowls. A hippopotamus came up one night and laid waste their vegetable garden; the sheep

broke into their cotton-patch when it was in flower and ate all but the stems, and then the crocodiles got the sheep. They also set up as smiths, and a Portuguese brought them a double-barrelled rifle to be browned. "I think I knows how," said one, whose father was a blacksmith, "you've only to put the barrels in the fire." This was done, and to Jack's amazement the barrels came asunder. They stuck them together with resin and sent them back with a message; "it was all they could do," they said, "and they wouldn't charge him for the job." They would only pay market-price for provisions, and if the traders raised it they brought out a chameleon, of which the natives have a great dread, and the moment they saw it jumped overboard.

They now started in the *Asthmatic* for Kongone, to meet the new steamer which they expected from England. On the way down, that remarkable vessel was plainly on her last voyage. "Our engineer has been doctoring her bottom with fat and patches, and pronounces it safe to go down the river slowly. Every day a new leak breaks out, and he is in, plastering and scoring, the pump going constantly. I never expected to find her afloat, but the engineer had nothing else to do, and it saves us from buying dear canoes from the Portuguese." She held out until December 20th, when the Journal notes: "One day above Senna the *Ma Robert* stuck on a sandbank and filled, so we had to go ashore and leave her."

CHAPTER IX

THE UNIVERSITIES MISSION

1861-62

As he neared Kongone Livingstone was rejoicing in the thought of the Universities Mission, which was on its way out, and from which he hoped great things, and wrote: "I am greatly delighted at the prospect of a Church of England Mission to Central Africa." He had not long to wait, as the *Pioneer* arrived off the bar, with Bishop Mackenzie and his staff, on January 31st, 1861. The only fault of the *Pioneer* was that she drew too much water for the Shirè at this season; and this, together with the wish of the home Government, turned him from the immediate planting of the Mission on or near its banks to the exploration of the Rovuma. The mouth of that river is north of the Portuguese boundary, and it seemed likely that it came from the north of Lake Nyassa. If this were so, it might prove in many ways the best route for the interior, and so the best situation for the Mission. Accordingly they sailed for the Rovuma in the *Pioneer*, and, with the *Lyra* accompanying, explored some hundred miles of its banks, until, the March floods being over, they could get no higher and returned to the Zambesi. Livingstone now resolved to

settle the Mission on the Shirè, and then explore Lake Nyassa, and the Rovuma from the lake downwards.

When they reached the upper Shirè the water was low, and the toil of getting the *Pioneer* over the frequent sandbanks excessive. Anchors had to be laid out ahead, and the capstans worked. Livingstone's friendship for the Bishop and his companions, Scudamore and Horace Waller, grew rapidly as he saw them ever ready and anxious to lend a hand in hauling, and working as hard as any one on board. But the clouds were already gathering. As they approached the Manganja country on their way to Chibisa, the most powerful chief of the tribe, they heard sad tidings. The slave-gangs from Tette and other Portuguese settlements were in the country. They had followed Livingstone's steps in 1860, and on pretence of being "his children" had first cajoled the natives, and then set tribe against tribe, buying captives from both sides and marching them off in gangs to the coast. Everywhere they found villages, populous and prosperous on their last visit, deserted and pillaged. On July 15th they halted at the village of their old friend Mbame. News came that a slave-gang would be passing presently. A hurried consultation was held. "Shall we interfere?" In a few minutes the long line of manacled men, women, and children came wending their way round the hill and into the valley, on the side of which the village stood. The black drivers, armed with muskets and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle, and rear of the line, some of them blowing exultant notes out of long tin horns. "The instant the fellows caught sight of us they bolted

like mad into the forest. The chief of the party alone remained, as he, from being in front, had his hand tightly grasped by a Makololo." He proved to be a well-known slave of the Commandant of Tette, the successor of Livingstone's friend, Major Sicard, who had been recalled. The slaves, eighty-four in number, were liberated; all but four proved to be captives taken in war. "The others tied and starved us," a small boy said. "You cut the ropes and bid us eat. What sort of people are you? Where did you come from?" The Bishop had been away bathing, but on his return approved, and attached the whole to his Mission. In the next few days' progress they scattered several more slave-gangs. The Bishop now accepted the offer of Chigunda, a friendly Manganja chief, to settle at Magomero, his village. Before leaving the mission Livingstone agreed with the Bishop to visit the Ajawa chief, who was making war on the Manganja. They started on the 22nd, met crowds of Manganja in flight, found villages they had left prosperous two years before deserted and destroyed, the corn poured out in cart-loads along the paths. At two o'clock they came on a burning village, and heard triumphant shouts mingled with the wail of the Manganja women over their slain. "The Bishop then engaged us in fervent prayer; and on rising from our knees, we saw a long line of Ajawa warriors with their captives coming round the hillside." The head-man left the path and stood on an ant-hill. He was told that they had come for a peaceful interview, but the Ajawa, flushed with success, yelled, "Nkondo, Nkondo" (war, war), and closed round till within fifty yards, shooting poisoned arrows, one of which passed

between the Bishop and Livingstone. Some four of the Ajawa who had guns now opened fire, and then "we were obliged in self-defence to fire and drive them off. Only two captives escaped to us, but probably most of the prisoners fled elsewhere in the confusion. We returned to the village we had left in the morning after a hungry, fatiguing, and most unpleasant day."

It was now debated whether the Mission should aid the Manganja against the Ajawa. "No," was Livingstone's advice; "don't interfere in native quarrels." Early in August he left the Mission, on a pleasant site at Magomero, surrounded by stately shady trees. Everything promised fairly. The weather was delightful. Provisions poured in very cheap. "The Bishop, with characteristic ardour, began learning the language; Mr. Waller began building, and Mr. Scudamore improvised a sort of infant school for the children, than which there is no better way for acquiring an unwritten tongue." It was November before Livingstone saw the Bishop again, on his return from Lake Nyassa, which he now resolved to explore thoroughly.

He started with Dr. Kirk, Charles Livingstone, and one white sailor, and a Makololo crew for the four-oared gig of the *Pioneer*, which was carried by hired natives past the forty miles of the rapids which he named the Murchison Falls, in which the Shirè descends twelve hundred feet. Above them the Shirè was broad and deep, with a current of only one mile an hour, and practically a southern extension of the lake, into which they sailed on September 2nd. From Cape Maclear they found the lake upwards of two hundred miles long, and surrounded by a dense population, industrious and friendly on all the

central and southern banks. Livingstone compares it to the Sea of Galilee. In the northern part all was changed. The lawless tribe of the Mazitu (Zulus) who dwelt in the highlands swept down on the lake tribes almost at will, plundering and enslaving; and there was a regular crossing-place for the Arab dhows with their cargoes of slaves. He learnt afterwards from the Consul at Zanzibar that nineteen thousand slaves passed yearly through that custom-house from this region. After a survey of the lake, and noting all the principal features, he returned to the *Pioneer* at Chibisa's early in November, impressed more than ever with the value of Lake Nyassa as the key of Central Africa. Here the Bishop came to see him, reporting cheerfully of the prospects at Magomero, and of his hope of peace with the Ajawa, whom the Manganja had defeated with the aid of the Mission. Livingstone had his misgivings, but, after making an appointment to meet the Bishop in January, when he hoped to bring up Miss Mackenzie and other English, started for the coast. It proved a long and tedious journey, the *Pioneer* being stranded on one sandbank of the Shirè for five weeks. Here occurred the first death in the expedition, that of the carpenter's mate. When they reached the sea, early in January, 1862, they found that H.M.S. *Gorgon*, with Miss Mackenzie on board, and the sections of the *Lady Nyassa* steamer for the lake, had been off the bar, but not finding them had sailed for Mozambique. There was nothing for it but to wait, and on the last of January the *Gorgon* hove in sight again, towing a brig, and the *Pioneer* started out to meet her. "I have steamboat in the brig," signalled the *Gorgon*. "Welcome news," Livingstone answered. "Wife

aboard," came next. "Accept my best thanks," Livingstone answered. Mrs. Livingstone, Miss Mackenzie, with others for the Mission, and the Rev. James Stewart, sent out by the Committee of the Scotch Free Church to survey for a Mission station, came on shore next day.

Captain Wilson of the *Gorgon* threw himself into the work zealously, and, leaving his ship at the bar, went up with them in the *Pioneer* to Shupanga, where his men put the *Lady Nyassa* together for Livingstone. While this was in progress the Captain himself started in boats to take Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup, and the rest up to the Bishop at Magomero. On the way he met the news of the Bishop's death on January 31st, and returned to Shupanga with the sad news and the two poor ladies, reaching it on March 11th.

It was from the Makololo, who had settled at the junction of the Shirè and the Ruo, the Bishop's river, that they heard the story. The Bishop had sent a party to find a shorter route to the Shirè from Magomero. They were attacked in a slave-trading village and two Manganja carriers captured. The wives came to the Bishop imploring him to rescue them. At last he complied, and, taking with him a guard of the Makololo (who were delighted with the chance of "eating the sheep of the slave-traders"), rescued the captives, and burned the village of the captors. The Bishop and his party returned to Magomero. He was ill and exhausted, but though unfit for travelling started at once with Mr. Burrup to keep an appointment at Chibisa's. On the way his canoe upset, and he lost all his medicines, tea, coffee, and clothing. They got to a small island on the Ruo, where the Bishop died after three weeks' prostration.

Mr. Burrup, after burying his chief, was carried back by the faithful Makololo to Magomero, where he too died.

"This will hurt us all," Livingstone mused sadly, resting his head on his hand in the little cabin of the *Pioneer*. When the news reached home an angry controversy arose, some blaming the Bishop, some Livingstone. Though bound to admit that he had given counsel to the Mission never to interfere in native quarrels, the Doctor, with characteristic generosity, declared that had he been there he should have taken the same view with the Bishop. "The blow is quite bewildering," he wrote to the Bishop of Cape Town. "The two strongest men so quickly cut down, and one of them, humanly speaking, indispensable to success. . . . I cannot help feeling sadly disturbed in view of the effect the news may have at home. I shall not swerve a hair's-breadth from my work while life is spared, and I trust the supporters of the Mission may not shrink back from all they have set their hearts to."

CHAPTER X

RECALL—VOYAGE TO INDIA

1863-64

It was with a sad heart that Livingstone carried Captain Wilson and the bereaved ladies down to Kongone to meet the *Gorgon.* She had been obliged to leave the bar from stress of weather, and the *Pioneer* was detained at that most unhealthy spot till April 4th, when she returned, and Captain Wilson sailed away, taking with him the heartfelt gratitude of Livingstone for his splendid help and sympathy. The *Pioneer* steamed back to Shupanga on April 11th, bearing a fever-stricken freight. Then came the last few days of his married life. There had always been in their intercourse "what would be thought by some more than a decorous amount of merriment and play. . . . I said to her a few days before her fatal illness, 'We old bodies ought now to be more sober, and not play so much.' 'Oh no,' she said; 'you must always be as playful as you have always been. . . . I have always believed it to be the true way, to let the head grow wise, but keep the heart young and playful.'"

On the 21st of April she was stricken with the fever, on the 25th she became delirious, on the 27th (Sunday) she died, and Mr. Stewart found the man who had "faced so

many deaths, and braved so many dangers, now utterly broken down, and weeping like a child." "Oh, my Mary, my Mary! how often we have longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng. . . . She rests by the large baobab tree at Shupanga, 60 feet in circumference. The men asked to be allowed to mount guard till we had got the grave built with bricks dug from an old house." "Kongone, *May* 11*th*.—My dear, dear Mary has been this evening a fortnight in heaven. . . . For the first time in my life I feel willing to die. D. L." So comments the Journal.

The heading of the last extract, "Kongone," shows that even this sorrow was not allowed to interrupt his work. He had gone down again to bring up the last portions of the *Lady Nyassa*, which was now finished and launched on June 23rd, too late for ascending the Shirè. The December rains must set in before she could be got up to the Murchison Falls. He turned once more to the Rovuma, ascending one hundred and fifty-six miles in boats, in the hope that it might be found to come from the northern end of Lake Nyassa. Helped by the captain of H.M.S. *Orestes*, he now satisfied himself that there was no water-way to the east coast from that lake. On the upper part the character of the people changed. They became treacherous and hostile, and there was no trade, for here the baleful track of the Arab slave-dealers crossed the river. Livingstone returned to the ship a more determined enemy than ever of the traffic, which was ruining the whole region. He reached the Zambesi in November, but only got up to Shupanga by December 19th. He was evidently rather relieved to find that the Zambesi must remain the highway to Lake Nyassa and the country

beyond. "It may seem weak," he wrote to Sir R. Murchison, "to feel a chord vibrating to the dust of her who rests on the banks of the Zambesi, and to think that the path by that is consecrated by her remains."

In January, 1863, he was working up the Shirè once more in the *Pioneer*, the *Lady Nyassa* in tow, meaning to unscrew the latter, carry her past the Murchison Falls, and launch her on the lake. All his former experience was dwarfed in horror on this voyage. The banks, so flourishing eighteen months before, were now a desert, the few survivors cowering in the river-swamps. In the mornings the paddles had to be cleared of corpses. "The corpses we saw floating down the river were only a remnant of those that had perished, whom their friends from weakness could not bury, nor the overgorged crocodiles devour." They visited the Bishop's grave, and found the relics of the Mission. Dickenson, Scudamore, and Thornton were dead since the higher land of Magomero had been abandoned. What wonder that Dr. Kirk and Charles Livingstone broke down now and had to be sent home, though not till the former had seen Livingstone through a bad attack of dysentery! He had, however, been joined by Young from the *Gorgon*, and Rae the engineer still held out—the last Englishman left of the original expedition. But nothing could daunt the old hero, who prepared to unscrew the *Lady Nyassa* and carry her sections past the falls, there to be put together again. He had prepared the first part of the road over which she was to be carried when a despatch recalling the expedition was received from Lord Russell.

For this he was not unprepared. The local Portuguese authorities had roused their Government, who had

been pressing at the English Foreign Office their objections to his action in Africa. The failure of the Universities Mission probably hastened Lord Russell's action. "The Government has behaved well to us throughout," Livingstone wrote, "and I feel thankful to them for enabling us to carry on the experiment. But the Portuguese dogged our footsteps, and, as is generally understood, with the approbation of their home Government, neutralised our labours." To Mr. Waller he wrote: "I don't know whether I am to go on the shelf or not. If I do, I make Africa that shelf. If the *Lady Nyassa* is well sold, I shall manage." He had spent £6000 on her—more than half of all he had earned by his writings. It was, however, impossible to get the *Pioneer* down before December, when she was to be handed back to the Government, so in the meantime he resolved on another exploring trip. He fixed on the north-north-west, in order to satisfy himself whether any large river flowed into Nyassa from Central Africa; and hoped to get as far as Lake Bemba, not yet reached by any white man, and to get information as to the great slave-route to the west coast, which he had already crossed to the east of Lake Nyassa.

He started on August 15th with one European companion and five Makololo, whom he held to be worth fifty of any of the eastern tribes. The men of that tribe whom he had brought from Central Africa had formed a strong settlement, with others who had joined them, near the Murchison Falls, and having guns were unmolested by the slave-traders. These had been driven back from another tract of country through which they now passed. Livingstone found the people friendly but suspicious. He was refreshed on this part of the journey

by hearing again the merry laugh of the women, "the sound of which does me good." It proved to be a wondrously fertile country, with occasional scenes of great beauty; one, the Vale of Goa, reminding him of the Thames at Richmond. On September 5th their course was altered to the north-east, and after touching Lake Nyassa again, they entered regions devastated by the slave-trade. Following the great slave-route over fine hill country, where the bracing air revived the Englishmen and prostrated their companions, they had to turn back on September 30th, when only ten days' march from an unexplored lake called Bemba.[1] The temptation to go on was great, but Livingstone knew that there would be no more wages for his men after December, so reluctantly turned back.

They reached the ships on November 1st, having marched seven hundred and sixty miles in fifty-five travelling days, an average of twelve miles a day.

The flood did not come for nearly two months, but what tried Livingstone far more than the delay was a letter from the new Bishop, Tozer, informing him that the Mission was to be withdrawn to Zanzibar. "I hope, dear Bishop," he wrote, "you will not deem me impertinent in writing to you with a sore heart. If you go, the best hopes for this wretched down-trodden people disappears, and I again entreat you from the bottom of my heart to reconsider the matter." The Bishop, however, persisted. Livingstone felt this far more than his own recall—"could hardly write of it"—"felt more inclined

[1] The reader will see that Livingstone subsequently discovered this lake, which is Bangweolo: his heart lies buried at Ilala, on its southern shore.

to sit down and cry." All he could do was to arrange that some thirty children who seemed likely to be abandoned should be sent to the Cape. He took them down to the coast in the *Pioneer*, from whence, under Mr. Waller's care, they were forwarded to the Cape.

On February 13th they reached the coast, and the *Pioneer* was handed over to the captain of H.M.S. *Orestes*. The *Ariel*, her consort, took the *Lady Nyassa* in tow for Mozambique. Captain Chapman offered Livingstone a berth on the *Ariel*, but he chose to remain in the *Lady Nyassa*, with the three English sailors and the native crew. On the 15th they were caught in a hurricane which drove the *Ariel* back straight on the *Lady Nyassa*, while the towing hawser got round her screw and stopped it. "We on the little vessel saw no chance of escape, but she glided past our bow, and we breathed freely again. We had now an opportunity of witnessing man-of-war seamanship. Captain Chapman, though his engines were disabled, did not think of abandoning us in the heavy gale, but crossed the bows of the *Lady Nyassa* again and again, dropping a cask with a line to give us another hawser. We might never have picked it up had not a Krooman jumped overboard and fastened a second line to the cask. We passed a terrible night, but the *Lady Nyassa* did wonderfully well, rising like a little duck over the foaming waves. Captain Chapman and his officers pronounced her the finest little sea-boat they had ever seen."

What was to be done now? The *Lady Nyassa* must be sold. The Portuguese wished to buy her, but this Livingstone would not hear of, as she would have been used

as a slaver. The nearest possible market was Bombay, twenty-five hundred miles off across the Indian Ocean. He had been captain and pilot on the Zambesi and Shirè for years, why not on the open sea? Accordingly on April 30th he started for Bombay with fourteen tons of coal on board, himself for captain and pilot, the three English sailors, seven native men, and two boys, who proved themselves capital sailors though they had never seen the sea till now.

It was an exploit worthy of the man. Spite of squalls and calms, for they were obliged to keep most of their coal for the Indian coast, he ran into the harbour of Bombay on June 13th, 1864. "The vessel was so small that no one noticed our arrival."

After rewarding and providing for his crew he started for England, and arrived at Charing Cross Station on July 21st.

CHAPTER XI

SECOND VISIT HOME

1864-65

On the afternoon of July 21st, 1864, Livingstone reached the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, and after a hasty dinner walked down to call on Sir R. Murchison. It was the last year of Lord Palmerston's last administration, and the evening of one of the remarkable weekly gatherings in Piccadilly, which made his Government so strong socially, and did so much to rally to him every notable Englishman outside of politics. "Sir Roderick," the Journal notes, "took me off with him, just as I was, to Lady Palmerston's reception. My lady very gracious. Gave me tea herself. Lord Palmerston looking very well. Had two conversations with him about the slave-trade. Sir Roderick says he is more intent on maintaining his policy on that than on any other thing. And so is she. A wonderfully fine matronly lady." He found all London again at his feet, bought a dress suit, and stayed for a week, finding Lord Russell at the Foreign Office cold, and Mr Layard "warm and frank."

On August 1st he was with his mother and children at Hamilton, all but his eldest, Robert, a boy of eighteen, with a "deal of the vagabond nature of his father in him."

He had got out to Natal in the hope of reaching his father, but, failing in that, had crossed to America and enlisted in the Federal army. After seeing some hard service he was taken prisoner, badly wounded, and, dying in hospital, was buried in the National Cemetery at Gettysberg, opened by President Lincoln with the speech which rivals Pericles's funeral oration. "Heard the sad news that Robert is in the American army," the Journal notes at this time.

After a visit to the Duke of Argyll at Inverary—"the most delightful I ever paid"—and a day in Ulva, where he found the home his grandfather lived in—"Uahm, or the Cave, a sheltered spot with basaltic rocks jutting out of the ground below the cave; the walls of the house remain, and the corn and potato patches are green, but no one lives there,"—he came south to visit his old African comrade, Mr. Webb, the great hunter, at Newstead Abbey. Here, with his daughter Agnes, he remained for eight months. At first he refused his host's proposal that he should occupy the Sussex tower in the Abbey, as he must get to work on his book. Where could he work at it better, Mr. and Mrs. Webb urged, and prevailed. So there he stayed till it was finished, in "the Livingstone room," his host and hostess, with his daughter Agnes, helping to copy. On April 15th, 1865, he called Agnes to write the "Finis" at the end of the MS., and on the 25th left Newstead. "Parted with our good friends, the Webbs. And may God bless and reward them and their family," runs the Journal.

He could now turn to his plans for the future, and did so with his usual single-mindedness. He had given a lecture to the British Association at Bath in the

autumn of 1864, in which he had thrown down the gauntlet to the Portuguese. It had been taken up by a Senhor Lacerda, in the official journal of Portugal, in a series of articles republished in England by the Portuguese Government. Livingstone's object, it urged, under the pretext of spreading the Word of God and the advancement of geography and natural science, was really to cause the loss of the commerce of the interior to the Portuguese, and in the end that of their provinces. "It was obvious," the official writer summed up, "from what he declared as his own intentions, that such men ought to be efficiently watched, and their audacious and mischievous actions restrained." His new book, Livingstone well knew, would rouse even deeper hostility, and his future work must be outside Portuguese territory.

Sir Roderick, on behalf of the Geographical Society, was anxious that he should go out purely as an explorer, to settle finally the question of the watersheds of South Africa, beginning at the Rovuma, and so getting to Lake Tanganyika. If he could then get to the west and come out on that coast, or could reach the White Nile to the north, he "would bring back an unrivalled reputation, and have settled all the disputes now pending." "Answered Sir Roderick about going out," the Journal notes. "Said I could only feel in the way of duty by working as a missionary." Then came an informal message from Lord Palmerston, to inquire what the Government could do for him. "Free access to the highlands beyond by the Zambesi and Shirè, secured by treaty with Portugal," was his answer. The Premier had made the inquiry with a view to propose a pension.

In May, while his preparations were going on, he was

before a Committee of the House of Commons on the West Coast of Africa, where he protested vigorously against Britain's "monstrous mistake as to missionaries." "I told the Committee," he wrote to Webb, "that I had heard people say that Christianity made the blacks worse, but did not agree with them. I might have said it was 'rot;' and truly I can stand a good deal of bosh, but to tell me that Christianity makes people worse—Ugh! Tell that to the young trouts. You know on what side I am, and I shall stand to my side, old Pam fashion, through thick and thin. I don't agree with all my side say and do. I won't justify many things, but for the great cause of human progress I am heart and soul, and so are you."

In June he got a telegram announcing his mother's death. He had only left her a few days, and was at Oxford lecturing. He hurried back to the funeral. "In 1858 she said to me she would like one of her laddies to lay her head in the grave. It so happened I was there to pay the last tribute to a dear good mother."

A few days later he was persuaded with difficulty to go to the examination of the school where his son Oswell was. He had to speak to the boys, and his last words to them—indeed the last words he ever spoke in Scotland publicly—were, "Fear God, and work hard."

His arrangements with the Government and the Geographical Society were finished early in August. Each of them gave him £500, to which a private friend added £1000. He was continued as Consul, but without salary. Shabby terms enough, as he knew well himself, for £2000 would be quite insufficient to pay his necessary

expenses. But he was too proud to remonstrate, and meant to provide the deficiency by selling the *Lady Nyassa* at Bombay.

On August 11th he took leave at the Foreign Office; on the next day dined at Wimbledon with Mr. Murray, his publisher; and started on the 15th to place his daughter Agnes at a school in France. "Mr. and Mrs. Oswell came up to say farewell," the Journal records. "He offers to go over to Paris at any time to bring Agnes home, or do anything that a father would. Dr. Kirk and Mr. Waller go down to Folkstone to take leave of us there. This is very kind. The Lord puts it into their hearts to show kindness, and blessed be His Name."

He left Agnes at her school in Paris, and embarked at Marseilles for Bombay on August 19th, reaching it on September 11th.

CHAPTER XII

LAKES MOERO, BANGWEOLO, AND TANGANYIKA

1865-71

LIVINGSTONE reached Bombay in September, 1865, was cordially welcomed, and became the guest of Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor. He had come to sell the *Lady Nyassa* and prepare for his African campaign. He had to accept £2600 for his steamer, less than half she had cost him, and lost the whole by the failure of the Indian Bank in which he deposited it. "The whole of the money she cost was dedicated to the great cause for which she was built—we are not responsible for results," was his comment. He explored the caves at Salsette, in a party under the guidance of Mr. A. Brown, who wrote: "Livingstone's almost boyish enjoyment of the whole thing impressed me greatly." He lectured at Poona and Bombay, and roused a deep interest in missionary work, though slightly scandalising his clerical brethren by his costume. "He dressed more like a post captain or admiral," one of them wrote. And again: "At the communion on Sunday (he sat on Dr. Wilson's right hand) he wore a blue surtout with Government gilt buttons, shepherd tartan trousers, and a gold band round his cap."

By Sir Bartle Frere's advice he visited Nassick, the

Government school for Africans, from which he got nine volunteers. He also accepted a draft of sepoys from the Marine Battalion. With these he sailed for Zanzibar in January, 1866, in the *Thule*, a steamer which he was to present to the Sultan, with a letter from Sir Bartle Frere, as a pleasure-yacht. "For a pleasure-yacht she is the most incorrigible roller ever known. The whole 2000 miles has been an everlasting see-saw, shuggy-shoo, enough to tire a chemist,—the most patient of all animals," he wrote from Zanzibar, where he had to wait for two months for H.M.S. *Penguin*, which was to take him to the Rovuma. The Sultan was cordial during his stay, and gave him a firman to all his subjects trading in the interior, a well-meant sanction, which in the end, however, worked more harm than good. The *Penguin* came at last to pick him up, and landed him and his company on the Rovuma towards the end of March. They consisted of thirteen sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, and two Shupanga and two Waiyau men, of whom Susi had been a wood-cutter on the *Pioneer*, and Chumah one of the slaves rescued in 1861. It was well that these two were amongst them, as the rest proved quite unfit for the work. He had no Englishman with him, but started for the long tramp in high spirits. "The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild unexplored country is very great . . . the body soon becomes well knit, the muscles grow as hard as board; the limbs seem to have no fat, and there is no dyspepsia." So the Journal runs; and he is also full of interest as to how the camels, tame buffaloes, mules, and donkeys, which he had brought from India at a large cost, would resist the tsetse fly and stand the

African climate. The poodle Chitanpe completes his live stock, a most engaging beast, thoroughly alive to the importance of the expedition and his own duty, running up and down the line of march and chasing away the pariah dogs who dared to approach, and keeping his master's tent jealously at night. Poor faithful Chitanpe, after the African sun had burnt his coat a brown red, was drowned in crossing an overflowed river in the following January, 1867—after a mile's wading his master inquired for him and he was gone. He swam as long as he could, and then the men "supposed he must have just sunk." No small addition to Livingstone's trials, which were thick enough by that time. The sepoys proved complete failures, sulky, and brutal to the animals, and only able to march five miles a day. The Johanna men were little better, and thieves—even the Nassick boys were troublesome. With such a band the march dragged heavily on, till in July, in disgust at their laziness and cruelty to the animals, he sent the sepoys back to the coast. They had now reached a splendid district, three thousand four hundred and forty feet above the sea, and the watershed from which the Rovuma ran down to the coast, and the smaller streams westward to Lake Nyassa. As good a site for a settlement this plateau, Livingstone thought, as Magomero, but nearly depopulated by the slave-trade. He descended westward, reaching Lake Nyassa on August 8th, and bathing in its bright waters felt again "quite exhilarated." "All the Arabs fly me," he notes; and being thus unable to cross the lake, as they owned all the boats, he marched round the southern end. Here, about the out-flow of the Shirè, he found matters rather worse than he had left

them two years before, and remonstrated with some of the chiefs on the reckless inter-tribal raids, fostered by the Arabs, which were ruining their country.

Now, in September, the Johanna men, headed by Musa, an old sailor on the *Lady Nyassa*, scared by the Arabs' lying account of the dangers ahead, deserted and returned to Zanzibar. There they spread a circumstantial story of Livingstone's death, which was credited and forwarded to England. Young and Horace Waller, who had known Musa for a liar on the Shirè, refused to believe, and were supported by Sir R. Murchison. At his instance the Geographical Society sent out a search-expedition under Young. In eight months Young returned from the Shirè and Lake Nyassa with the news that the Doctor had passed on toward the north-west. Young had in that short time carried the *Search* in pieces past the Murchison Cataracts and launched her on Lake Nyassa, by the splendid help of the Makololo whom Livingstone had planted on the Shirè banks, and who were now masters in the district.

Meantime Livingstone was forcing his way on slowly far beyond to the north-west. The country proved miserably poor, with baleful traces of the Arabs everywhere. The villages were depopulated and the people starving. He had now to hire carriers, having so few men left, and characteristically allowed them to overcharge him, noting in his Journal, "Is not this what is meant by 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy'? These poor have much good in them." As he pushed on indomitably towards Lake Tanganyika he was reduced to a diet of African maize with goat's milk. For some days in December he was too ill to march. On Christ-

mas Day his goats were stolen, and he had no more milk —his one luxury. "Took my belt up three holes to relieve hunger," is the note in the Journal. But worse was in store in the early new year. *January* 15*th.*— "Poor poodle Chitanpe drowned. We had to cross a marsh a mile wide and waist-deep. I went over first, and forgot to give directions about the dog. All were too much engaged in keeping their balance to notice that he swam among them till he died." On January 20th, 1867, his medicine-chest was stolen. "Felt as if I had received my death sentence." *February* 1*st.*—"We got a cow yesterday. I am to get milk to-morrow." *February* 17*th.*—"Too ill with rheumatic fever to have service. The first attack I have ever had with no medicine. The Lord healeth His people." *March* 10*th.*—"Ill of fever still. Can scarcely keep up, though formerly always first in the line. I have singing in my ears, and can scarcely hear the tick of the chronometers." In April he reached the shores of Lake Liemba, which proved to be the southern end of Lake Tanganyika; the country was lovely and peaceful, but, hearing of war in front, he turned south. His object was to reach Lake Moero, which he heard of in this district, and which might prove the solution of his doubts as to the watershed of the Nile and Congo. In June he came on the Ubungu, "a tribe of gentlemen, universally polite, governed they are and very well," but how exactly he could not satisfy himself: certainly not by fear. In August came three months' delay through illness and helplessness. At last, in November, an Arab, Mohamed Mogharib, arrived, a slave-trader, but a favourable specimen of the class, who acknowledged the Sultan's firman and offered

escort, which Livingstone accepted. Mohamed's first gift was a meal of vermicelli, oil, and honey. "I had not tasted sugar and honey for two years," the Journal notes. On November 8th, 1867, they reached Lake Moero.

Here he spent some months exploring, when not too ill, and found Lake Moero forty miles wide. To the south, however, he hears of another lake, Bangweolo, even larger. This must be explored. In vain Mohamed Bogharib remonstrated, and his men, all but five, refused to go on with him. Though without letters for two years, and longing to turn northward to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where he might get letters and supplies, he will still go forward. And so he trudges on, in constant pain and trouble, to the south. On June 25th, 1868, he comes across a solitary grave in a forest clearing, over which he muses: "I have nothing to do but to wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary lies on Shupanga brae, 'and beeks forenent the sun.'" On July 18th he was rewarded for his toil by the sight of Lake Bangweolo, "a splendid piece of water." *August 29th.*—"Thanks for what I have discovered. There is still much to do, and if life and protection be granted, I shall make a complete thing of it." So the old hero writes, and starts again on his northern tramp to make as complete a thing of it as he can. Again he falls in with the Arab traders, and marches with them painfully, sore in soul as well as body.

In the neighbourhood of Lake Moero they reach the town of Casembe, a powerful and friendly chief, who was threatened by a marauding army of Mazitu from the south. The Arabs sided with the invaders, and were driven north, Livingstone following with his five faithful men.

In November they once more come across Mohamed Bogharib, on his way to Ujiji, Livingstone's runaways with him. They express penitence and he takes them back, with the remark, "I have faults myself." In the last days of November Mohamed's caravan was attacked by hostile natives. Livingstone sat at his tent-door armed, to defend his baggage if necessary, and noting the courage of the attacking party. "V. C. men truly many of them," he writes, as he sees them rush to carry off their wounded under heavy fire. New Year's Day, 1869, finds him still on his way to Ujiji, too ill to march, and carried in a rude litter. In February he reaches the western shore of Lake Tanganyika, and crosses to Ujiji on the 14th, to find it a den of thieves, all his supplies plundered, and only two old letters. He had still medicines and stores at Unyanyembe, thirteen days' distance, but cannot send for them as war is raging. So, writing for fresh supplies to Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, he once more turned northwards to the Manyuema country. His object was to track down the Lualaba, if possible to a point which would decide whether it is the western arm of the Nile or the eastern head-water of the Congo. In July he is again well enough to start, and reaches Bambarre, the capital of the Manyuema country, on October 25th.

"In this journey," the Journal now sums up, "I have endeavoured to follow with unswerving fidelity the line of duty. My course has been an even one, swerving neither to the right nor left, though my route has been tortuous enough. All the hardship, hunger, and toil [illegible]re met with the full conviction that I was right in [illegible]ng to make a complete work of the exploration

of the sources of the Nile. I had a strong presentiment during the first three years that I should not live through the enterprise; but it weakened as I came near to the end of the journey, and an eager desire to discover any evidence of the great Moses having visited these parts bound me—spell-bound me, I may say. I have to go down the Central Lualaba or Webb's Lake River, then up the Western or Young's Lake River to Katanga head-waters, and then retire—I pray that it may be to my native home. . . . I received information of Mr. Young's search trip up the Shirè and Nyassa only in February 1870, and now take the first opportunity of offering hearty thanks in a despatch to H.M. Government and all concerned in kindly inquiring as to my fate."

At Bambarre he is delayed, waiting for men, for more than three months, noting in his enforced leisure the habits of birds and beasts, and manners and customs of the people, with all particulars he can learn as to the products and geography of the country. Here again the baleful influence of the Arab traders and their open raids for slaves were daily before him. "The strangest disease I have seen in this country," he writes, "seems really to be broken-heartedness, as it attacks only the free who are captured, and never slaves; it seems to be really broken-heartedness of which they die. Even children who showed wonderful endurance in keeping up with the chained gangs would sometimes hear 'the sound of dancing and the merry tinkle of drums in passing near a village:' then the memory of home and happy days proved too much for them, they cried and sobbed, the broken heart came on, and they rapidly sank."

At last, on January 28th, 1871, a large caravan under

Hassani and Abed, two Arabs he had known at Ujiji, arrived, and on February 4th his ten men, who, however, brought only one letter, forty being lost. This first experience was ominous. They refused to go north, and on the 11th struck for higher wages. "The ten men," the Journal runs, "are all slaves of the Banians, who are British subjects, and they come with a lie in their mouth. They will not help me, and swear the Consul told them not to go forward, but to force me back. They swore so positively that I actually looked again at Dr. Kirk's letter to see if his orders had been rightly understood by me. But for fear of pistol shot they would gain their own and their Banian masters' end—to baffle me completely. They demand an advance of $1 or $6 a month, though this is double freemen's pay at Zanzibar."

However, he had them in order enough by February 16th to justify a start. And now his old men—the deserters—who had been hanging round the trader's camp, waked up. "They came after me with inimitable effrontery, believing that though I said I would not take them, they were so valuable I was only saying what I knew to be false." He would not take a man back this time, though probably he would have been better served had he done so.

On February 25th they came on the Lualaba flowing west-south-west, causing him to write, "I have to suspend my judgment, so as to find it after all perhaps the Congo." As indeed it has proved to be, though he did not live to know it.

"*March* 1*st*.—The Arabs ask me to take seven of their people who know the new way, going to buy

biramba." To this he consented, and advanced through a lovely country with frequent villages "standing on slopes," and as yet having no direct experience of the Arabs or the slave trade. "I hear the Manyuema telling each other that I am 'the Good One.' I have no slaves, and I owe the good name to the report of the Zanzibar slaves, who are anything but good themselves. I have seen slaves of these seven Arabs slap the cheeks of grown men who offered food for sale. It was done in sheer wantonness, till I threatened to thrash them if I saw it again."

"*March 5th.* — We came to some villages amongst beautiful tree-covered hills called Basilange, or Mobasilange. They are very pretty standing on slopes. The main street lies generally east and west, to allow the bright sun to stream his clear hot rays from one end to the other, and lick up quickly the moisture from the frequent showers which is not drawn off by the slopes. A little verandah is often made in front of the doors, where the family gathers round a fire, and while enjoying the heat needed in the cold which always accompanies the first darting of the sun's rays across the atmosphere, inhale the delicious air and talk over their little domestic affairs. The various-shaped leaves of the forest all round their village are spangled with myriads of dewdrops. The cocks crow vigorously, and strut and ogle; the kids gambol and leap on their dams quietly chewing the cud. Other goats make-believe fighting. Thrifty wives often bake their new clay pots in a fire made by lighting a heap of grass roots: they extract salt from the ashes, and so two birds are killed with one stone. The beauty of this peaceful morning

scene is indescribable. Infancy gilds the fairy picture with its own lines, and it is probably never forgotten, for the young, taken up from slavers and treated with all philanthropic missionary care and kindness, still revert to the period of infancy as the finest and fairest they have known. They would go back to freedom and enjoyment as fast as would our own sons of the soil, and be heedless of the charms of hard work and no play, which we think so much better for them if not for us."

But the oasis is sadly limited. On the next page comes, "In some cases we find the villages all deserted: the people had fled at our approach in dread of the repetition of the outrages of Arab slaves."

The Arabs proved a bad bargain. They knew the country, but their slaves were committing atrocities along the line which their masters vainly tried to conceal from him, and which he found himself powerless to prevent.

"*March* 26*th*.—Met a party of traders with eighty-two captives after ten days' fighting. We shall be safe only when past all this bloodshed and murder. I am heart-sore and sick of human blood."

"*March* 28*th*.—The Banian slaves are again trying compulsion. It is excessively trying, and so many difficulties have been put in my way I doubt whether the Divine favour is on my side."

However, on March 29th he reaches Nyangwe, the chief town of the district, in the midst of a dense population, and the point where he hoped to cross to the left bank of the Lualaba, which flows past the town. Here he found Abed and Hassani, two Arab traders, with a large slave-following. He had met them before,

and now: "Abed said my words against blood-shedding had stuck into him, and he had given orders to his people to give presents to chiefs, but never to fight unless actually attacked."

"*March* 31*st*.—I went down to take a good look at the Lualaba here. It is narrower than it is higher up, but still a mighty river, at least 3000 yards broad and always deep. It can never be waded at any point, or at any time of the year. It has many large islands, and at these it is about 2000 yards, or one mile. The banks are steep and dark; there is clay and a yellow-clay schist in their structure. The current is about two miles an hour."

"*April* 3*rd*.—The river is said to overflow all its banks annually, as the Nile does farther down. I sounded across yesterday, and near the bank it is 9 feet, the rest 15 feet, and one cast in the middle was 20 feet, between the islands 12 feet, and 9 again inshore. It is a mighty river truly. . . . I tried to secure a longitude by fixing a weight on the key of the watch, and so helping it on. I will try this in a quiet place to-morrow. The people all fear us, and they have good reason."

He began at once to frequent the market as the best way of inspiring confidence. On the first occasion he notes: "To-day the market contained over 1000 people, carrying earthen pots and cassava grass cloth, fishes and fowls; they were alarmed at my coming among them, and were ready to fly; many stood afar off in suspicion." The various phases of his long struggle with his slaves and their Arab abettors, of his attempts to win the confidence of the Manyuema, to get canoes and so finish his

work, can only be indicated by a few extracts from the Journals.

"*April* 8*th.*—The Ujijian slavery is an accursed system; but it must be admitted that the Manyuema too have faults, the result of ignorance of other people; their isolation has made them as unconscious of danger in dealing with the cruel stranger as little dogs in the presence of lions."

"*April* 18*th.*—Chitoka, or market to-day. I counted upwards of 700 passing my door. With market-women it seems to be a pleasure of life to haggle and joke, or laugh and cheat. Many come eagerly, and retire with careworn faces; many are beautiful, and many old."

"*April* 12*th.*—My new house is finished; a great comfort, for the other was foul and full of vermin."

"*April* 16*th.*—Kahembé (a chief from left bank) came over and promises to bring a canoe. They all think that my buying a canoe means carrying war to the left bank, and now my Banian slaves encourage the idea. 'He does not wish slaves or ivory,' they say, 'but a canoe in order to kill Manyuema.' Need it be wondered at, that people who had never seen a white man till I popped down among them believe the slander?"

"*April* 19*th.*—Weary waiting, but Abed promises to join and trade along with me. This will render our party stronger, and he will not shoot people in my company."

"*May* 3*rd.*—This tribe use large and very long spears very expertly in the long grass and forest of their country, and are terrible fellows among themselves, and when they become acquainted with firearms will be terrible to the strangers who now murder them. The

Manyuema say truly, 'If it were not for your guns, not one of you would ever return to your country.' My slaves have mutinied three times here."

"*May* 16*th.*—At least 3000 people at market to-day, and my going among them has taken away the fear engendered by the slanders of slaves and traders, for all are pleased to tell me the names of fishes and other things.

"It was pleasant to be among them compared to being with the slaves, who are all eager to go back to Zanzibar. I see no hope of getting on with them. Abed heard them plotting my destruction. 'If forced to go on they would watch till the first difficulty arose with the Manyuema, then fire off their guns, run away, and as I could not run as fast as they, leave me to perish.' Abed overheard them talking loudly, and advised me strongly not to trust myself to them any more, as they would be sure to cause my death. He has all along been my sincere friend."

"*May* 18*th.*—I was on the point of disarming my slaves and driving them away when they relented, and professed to be willing to go anywhere; so, being eager to finish my geographical work, I said I would run the risk of their desertion. I cannot state how much I was worried by these wretched slaves, who did much to annoy me with the sympathy of all the slavery crew."

"*June* 14*th.*—'Hassani' (the most bigoted of the Moslem traders) got nine canoes and put sixty-five persons in three. I cannot get one."

Now he hears news which he hopes will solve his difficulties.

"20*th.*—Dugumbe arrives with large party. Among

the first words Dugumbe said to me were, 'Why, your own slaves are your greatest enemies! I will buy you a canoe, but the Banian slaves' slanders have put all them against you.' I knew that this was true, and that they are conscious of having the sympathy of the Ujijian traders, who hate to have me here."

This Dugumbe was the best of the Arab traders, and an old acquaintance.

"*July 5th.*—I offer Dugumbe $2000, or £400, for ten men to replace my Banian slaves, and enable me to go up the Lomame to Katanga and the underground dwellings, then return and go up by Tanganyika to Ujiji; and I added I would give all the goods I had at Ujiji besides. He took a few days to consult his associates."

"*7th.*—I was annoyed by a woman frequently beating a slave near my house, but on my reproving her she came and apologised. I told her to speak softly to her slave, as she was now the only mother the girl had. The slave came from beyond Lomame, and was evidently a lady in her own country."

His opinion of the Manyuema as the finest tribe he had met with after the Makololo, grew with acquaintance. He notes:

"Many of the men have as finely-formed heads as could be found in London. We English, if naked, would make but poor figures beside the strapping forms and finely-shaped limbs of the Manyuema men and women. Their cannibalism is doubtful, but my observations raise grave suspicions. A Scotch jury would say 'Not proven.' The women are not guilty.

"The Manyuema are untruthful, but very honest.

We never lose an article by them. Fowls and goats are untouched, and if we lose a fowl we know that it has been stolen by an Arab slave."

"*July* 13*th.*—The Banian slaves declared before Dugumbe that they would go to the river Lomame, but no farther. He spoke long to them, but they will not consent to go farther. When told they would thereby lose all their pay, they replied, 'Yes, but not our lives,' and walked off muttering, which is insulting to one of his rank. I then said, 'I have goods at Ujiji; take them all, and give me men to finish my work; if not enough I will add to them, but do not let me be forced to return, now I am so near the end of my undertaking.' He said he would make a plan in conjunction with his associates, and report to me."

The final crisis and end of the long struggle came at last. On July 14th the only entry is, "I am distressed and perplexed what to do so as not to be foiled, but all seems against me." For Dugumbe's men had quarrelled with the other Arabs and their leaders Tagamoio and Manilla, who had been before them on the left bank. To this they had crossed, though Livingstone could get no canoes, and by way of punishing their rivals were now harrying the villages near the river.

"*July* 15*th.*—The reports of guns on the other side of the Lualaba all the morning tell of the people of Dugumbe murdering those who had mixed blood" (the Manyuema way of making a treaty) "with Manilla. . . . About 1500 people came to market, though many villages of those who usually come to market were now in flames. It was a hot sultry day, and when I went into the market I saw three of the men who had lately come

with Dugumbe. I was surprised to see these three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them for bringing weapons into the market, but I attributed it to their ignorance, and being very hot, I was walking away to go out of the market when I saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before I had got thirty yards out, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun; crowds dashed off from the place, threw down their wares in confusion, and ran. At the same time that the three opened fire on the mass of people at the upper end of the market-place, volleys were discharged on the panic-stricken women who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes could not be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women wounded by the balls poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off; in going towards it they had to put the left shoulder to a current of about two miles an hour; if they had struck away diagonally to the opposite bank the current would have aided them, and, though nearly three miles off, some would have reached land; as it was, the heads above water showed the long line of those who would inevitably perish. Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly, whilst other poor creatures threw their arms on high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. By and by all the heads disappeared;

some had turned down stream towards the bank and escaped. Dugumbe put people into one of the deserted boats to save those in the water, and saved twenty-one. . . . The Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between 330 and 400 souls. The shooting party near the canoes were so reckless that they killed two of their own people. . . . My first impulse was to pistol the murderers, but Dugumbe protested against my getting into a blood feud, and I was thankful afterwards that I took his advice. . . . After the terrible affair in the water the party of Tagamoio, the chief perpetrator, continued to fire on the people on the other side, and to burn their villages. As I write I hear the wails on the left bank over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of the Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come! No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry summer morning; it gave me the impression of being in hell. . . . Some escaped to me, and were protected. I sent men with our flag to save some. . . . Who could accompany the people of Dugumbe and Tagamoio to Lomame and be free from blood-guiltiness? . . . I proposed to Dugumbe to catch the murderers, and hang them up in the market-place, as our protest against these bloody deeds before the Manyuema. If, as he and others added, it was committed by Manilla's people, he would have consented, but it was done by Tagamoio's people, and others of this party headed by Dugumbe. This slaughter was peculiarly atrocious, inasmuch as we have heard that women coming to or from market have never been known to be molested, even when two districts are at war. . . . Twenty-seven villages were destroyed."

"*July* 16*th.*—I restored upwards of thirty of the rescued to their friends. Dugumbe seemed to act in good faith. . . . Many of the head-men who have been burned out by the foray came over to me, and begged me to come back with them, and appoint new localities for them to settle in, but I told them I was so ashamed of the company in which I found myself that I could scarcely look a Manyuema in the face. They had believed I wished to kill them. What did they think now? I could not remain among bloody companions, and would flee away, I said, but they begged me hard to stay until they were again settled. . . . Dugumbe saw that by killing the market-people he had committed a great error. I could not remain to see to their protection, and Dugumbe being the best of the whole horde, I advised them to make friends, and then appeal to him as able to restrain to some extent his infamous underlings. . . . I see nothing for it but to go back to Ujiji for other men. I wished to speak to Tagamoio about the captive relations of the chiefs, but he always ran away when he saw me coming."

"*July* 17*th.*—All the rest of Dugumbe's party offered me a share of every kind of goods they had. I declined everything save a little gunpowder. . . . It is a sore affliction, at least forty-five days in a straight line, equal to 300 miles, or by the turnings and windings 600 miles English, and all after feeding and clothing those Banian slaves for twenty-six months! But it is for the best though; if I do not trust to the riff-raff of Ujiji I must wait for other men at least ten months there."

"*July* 18*th.*—The terrible scenes of man's inhumanity to man brought on severe headache, which might have

been serious had it not been relieved by a copious discharge of blood. I was laid up all yesterday afternoon with the depression the bloodshed made. It filled me with unspeakable horror. 'Don't go away,' say the Manyuema chiefs to me; but I can't stay here in agony."

"*July* 19*th*.—Dugumbe sent me a fine goat, a manch of gunpowder, a manch of fine blue beads, and 230 cowries to buy provisions on the way. . . . A few market-people appear to-day; formerly they came in crowds, about 200 in all, chiefly those who have not lost relatives, one very beautiful woman with a gun-shot wound in her upper arm tied round with leaves. Seven canoes came instead of fifty; but they have great tenacity and hopefulness; an old-established custom has much charms for them, and the market will again be attended if no new outrage is committed."

Next day he started on the weary return journey to Ujiji. "I start back for Ujiji. All Dugumbe's people came to say good-bye, and convey me a little way. I made a short march, for being long inactive it is unwise to tire oneself on the first day, as it is then difficult to get over the effects." Ophthalmia was now added to his other ailments, and this march back proved the most miserable of all his travels. The country was up, and twice he fell into an ambush, escaping he hardly knew how. "I became weary with the constant strain of danger, and—as I suppose happens with soldiers on the field of battle—not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not."

"*October* 23*rd*.—At dawn off, and go to Ujiji. Welcomed by all the Arabs. I was now reduced to a skeleton, but the market being held daily, and all kinds

of goods brought to it, I hoped that food and rest would soon restore me; but in the evening my people came and told me that Shereef had sold off all my goods. He had not left a single yard of calico out of 3000, nor a string of beads out of 700 lbs. This was distressing. I had made up my mind, if I could not get people at Ujiji, to wait till men should come from the coast, but to wait in beggary was what I never contemplated, and I now felt miserable."

"*October 24th.*—I felt in my destitution as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves; but I could not hope for Priest, Levite, or Good Samaritan to come by on either side; but one morning Sayd bin Majid, a good man, said to me, 'Now this is the first time we have been alone together. I have no goods, but I have ivory; let me, I pray you, sell some of the ivory and give the goods to you.' This was encouraging, but I said, 'Not yet, but by and by.' I had still a few barter goods left, which I had taken the precaution to deposit with Mohamed ben Salih before going to Manyuema, in case of returning in extreme need. But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb the Good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning (October 20th) Susi came running at the top of his speed, and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made me think this must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wit's end like me. It was Henry Morland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon

Bennett at an expense of more than £4000 to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. . . . I really do feel extremely grateful, and at the same time am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity. Mr. Stanley has done his work with untiring energy; good judgment in the teeth of very serious obstacles. His helpmates turned out depraved blackguards, who by their excesses at Zanzibar and elsewhere had ruined their constitutions and prepared their systems to be fit provender for the grave."

Livingstone stood outside his house and lifted his cap with the gold band to the newcomer when Susi led him up in triumph, and they went in together to the hut.

CHAPTER XIII

STANLEY

1871

THE letter-bag marked November 1st, 1870, which had been lying at Unyanyembe in charge of Kaif-Halek ("How do you do?"), a servant of Livingstone whom Stanley had brought up with him, lay across the Doctor's knees when they sat down in the hut. He opened it, read one or two of his children's letters, and then asked for the news.

"No, Doctor; read your letters first."

"Ah, I have waited years for letters, and have been taught patience. I can wait a few hours longer. Tell me the news. How is the world getting on?"

"The news he had to tell," Livingstone writes, "to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe, made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France; the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic; the election of General Grant; the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend; the proof that H.M.'s Government had not forgotten me in voting £1000 for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema."

This flood of news was poured out on the Doctor by

his companion as they sat at their first meal together. The Arabs, noting the turn in the tide, sent in their best dishes—Mohamed ben Salih, a curried chicken; Moene Kheri, stewed goat's meat, etc. "Livingstone, who had been able to take nothing but tea for some days, ate like a vigorous and healthy man, and as he vied with me in demolishing the pancakes, kept repeating, 'You have brought me new life, you have brought me new life!'" Stanley sat opposite, enjoying his well-earned success, and presently called out: "'Oh, by George! I have forgotten. Selim, bring that bottle and the silver goblets.' They were brought, and we pledged one another in Sillery champagne."

That night the Doctor sat up late reading his budget, but was up before his visitor to greet him in the verandah with, "Good morning, Mr. Stanley. I hope you rested well. You have brought me good and bad news. But sit down," making room for me by his side. "Yes, many of my friends are dead. My eldest son has met with a bad accident—that is my boy Tom. My second son, Oswell, is at College studying medicine, and is doing well, I am told. Agnes, my eldest daughter, has been enjoying herself in a yacht with 'Sir Parafine' Young and his family. Sir Roderick is well, and hopes he shall soon see me. You have brought me quite a budget."

After explaining his mission, and eliciting the Doctor's thankful acknowledgment that he had come just at the right time, for "I was beginning to think I should have to beg from the Arabs," Stanley ordered his servant Ferajji to bring breakfast, excellent tea, and hot "dampers," served in silver on a Persian carpet. The Doctor watched admiringly, and, while doing justice to the soft

cakes—a delightful change from the uncooked corn-ears which he had been living on of late, and which had loosened all his teeth—remarked, "You have given me an appetite. Halimah is my cook, but she never can tell the difference between tea and coffee." Halimah was the wife of one of his four men who had remained faithful. "Instead of my spare tasteless two meals a day," the Journal runs, "I ate four times a day, and soon began to feel strong. I am not a demonstrative man, as cold, in fact, as we islanders are reputed to be, but the disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming."

The intimacy grew apace, and the strong impulsive young correspondent was soon under the spell of Livingstone's character—"a character," he writes, "that I venerated, that called forth all my enthusiasm and sincerest admiration. He is about sixty years old, though after he was restored to health he looked like a man who had not passed his fiftieth year. His hair has a brownish colour yet, but is here and there streaked with gray lines over the temples; his whiskers and moustache are very gray. He shaves his chin daily. His eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright; he has a sight keen as a hawk. His teeth alone indicate the weakness of age; the hard fare has made havoc in their lines. His form, which soon assumed a stoutish appearance, is a little over the ordinary height, with the slightest possible stoop in the shoulders. When walking he takes a firm but heavy tread, like that of an overworked or fatigued man. He is accustomed to wear a naval cap, by which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress when first I saw him exhibited traces

of patching and repairing, but was scrupulously neat. . . . "There is a good-natured *abandon* about him. Whenever he began a laugh, there was a contagion about it that compelled me to imitate him. It was such a laugh as Herr Teufelsdröckh's—a laugh of the whole man from head to heel. If he told a story his face was lit up by the sly fun it contained."

Soon the old traveller was anxious to be up and away, to finish his task; but he had only four male followers left, and a few yards of cloth. In recounting his travels to Stanley he had mentioned that he had never explored the northern part of Lake Tanganyika. The choice had lain between this and verifying the central line of drainage by the Lualaba. This latter he held to be the more important, and to that he had turned when, as we know, he pushed on to the west, where he had followed the great river over seven degrees northward into the Manyuema country. He had been baffled there and obliged to turn back; but this was the work he must go back to, and finish. Is the Lualaba the western source of the Nile? That was the great question. As for Tanganyika, he believed it would be found to be connected with the Albert Nyanza by a river, the Lusize or Rusizi, flowing out of its northern extremity. This was his belief, based on the reports of Arabs and a test as to the flow of the lake which he had made with water-plants, but he had hardly given it a thought.

"Why not explore the northern end before you leave Ujiji?" Stanley suggested. "I have twenty men who understand boating, and plenty of guns, cloth, and beads."

"I am ready whenever you are," Livingstone answered.

"No, I am at your command. Don't you hear my

men call you 'the great master' and me 'the little master?' It would never do for the little master to command."

Stanley's statement that Sir Roderick was interested settled the question finally that they should embark on "this picnic," as the Doctor insisted on calling it.

Having borrowed a canoe capable of carrying twenty-five men and stores from Sayd bin Majid, of whom Livingstone had said, "If ever there was an Arab gentleman, he was one," they started for the northern end of Lake Tanganyika on November 16th, 1871.

They rowed to the extreme north of the lake, and ascertained that the river Lusize flowed into the lake and not out of it, as did all the other rivers whose mouths they passed. Thus the Arab testimony again broke down. No outlet to the lake could be found; but the Doctor retained his firm belief that an outlet must exist, though he had been unable to find it.

On December 13th they returned to Ujiji, having made the circuit of the whole of Lake Tanganyika north of that town. To Livingstone it had been a time of rest and recruiting, though he had one sharp bilious attack, while Stanley was twice struck down by severe fever.

The incidents of the voyage were few, but the way in which they impressed the two travellers, and are severally recounted by them, illustrates the characters of the two men, and the hold which the elder was getting on the younger. The following may serve as specimens.

Livingstone.—"*November 20th.*—Passed a very crowded population, the men calling to us to land and be fleeced and insulted; they threw stones, and one, apparently slung, lighted close to the canoe. The lake narrows to about ten miles, as the western mountains come towards

the eastern range, that being about N.N.W. magnetic. Many stumps of trees killed by water show an encroachment by the lake on the east side. A transverse range seems to shut in the north end, but there is open country to the east and west of its ends."

Stanley.—"About half-way between Cape Kisanwe and Murembeve is a cluster of villages which has a mutare (head-man), who is in the habit of taking honga (tribute). They called to us to come ashore, threatening us with the vengeance of the great Wami if we did not halt. As the voices were anything but siren-like, we obstinately refused. Finding threats of no avail, they had recourse to stones, and flung them at us in a most hearty manner. As one came within a foot of my arm I suggested that a bullet should be sent in return in close proximity to their feet, but Livingstone, though he said nothing, showed clearly that he did not approve of this."

Livingstone.—"*November* 21*st.*—Landed under a cliff to rest and cook, but a crowd came and made inquiries, then a few more came as if to investigate more perfectly. They told us to sleep, and to-morrow friendship should be made. We put our luggage on board, and set a watch on the cliff. A number of men came along cowering behind rocks, and we slipped off quietly; they called after us as men baulked of their prey."

Stanley.—"Our kettle was boiling for tea, and the men had built a little fire for themselves, and had filled their earthen pot with water for porridge, when our look-outs perceived dark forms creeping towards our bivouac. Being hailed, they came forward, and saluted us with the native 'wake.' Our guides explained that we were Wangwana (whites), and intended to camp till

morning, when, if they had anything to sell, we would trade. They said they were rejoiced to hear this, and after they had exchanged a few words more—during which we observed that they were taking notes of the camp—went away. Three other parties followed, and retired in like manner. We had good cause to be suspicious at this going backwards and forwards, and, as our supper had been despatched, we thought it high time to act. The men were hurried into the canoe, and when all were seated, and the look-outs embarked, we quietly pushed off, but not a moment too soon. As the canoe glided from the darkened light that surrounded us, I called the Doctor's attention to dark forms, some crouching behind the rocks on our right, others scrambling over them, and directly a voice hailed us from the top of the bank under which we had been lately resting. 'Neatly done,' said the Doctor, as we shot through the water, leaving the discomfited would-be robbers behind us. Here again my hand was stayed from planting a couple of shots as a warning to them, by the presence of the Doctor."

Livingstone.—"*November 25th.*—We came to some villages on a high bank, where Makunga is living. The chief, a young good-looking man, came and welcomed us. War rages between Makunga and Uasmasenè, a chief between this and Lusiger. Ten men were killed by Makunga's people a few days ago. Vast numbers of fishermen ply their calling night and day as far as we can see. I gave Makunga nine dotis and nine fundos."

Stanley.—"Our second evening at Makunga's, Susi, the Doctor's servant, got gloriously drunk through the chief's liberal and profuse gifts of pombe. Just at dawn

next morning I was awakened by several sharp crack-like sounds. I listened, and found the noise was in our hut. It was caused by the Doctor, who, towards midnight, had felt some one come and lie down by his side on the same bed, and, thinking it was I, had kindly made room, and lain on the edge of the bed. But in the morning, feeling cold, he had thoroughly awakened, and rising on his elbow to see who his bed-fellow was, discovered, to his astonishment, that it was Susi, who, having taken possession of his blankets and folded them about himself, was occupying almost the whole bed. The Doctor, with the gentleness characteristic of him, instead of taking a rod, contented himself with slapping Susi on the back, saying, 'Get up, Susi, will you! You're in my bed. How dare you, sir, get drunk after I have told you so often not to? Get up! You won't! Take that, and that, and that.' Still Susi slept and grunted, so the slapping continued, till even Susi's thick hide began to feel it, and he was thoroughly wakened to his want of devotion to his master, and looked very much crestfallen at this *exposé* of his infirmity before 'the little master,' as I was called.

"I had seen nothing to compare to these fishing settlements under the shade of a grove of palms and plantains, banians, and mimosas, with capsoa gardens to the right and left, looking down on a quiet bay, whose calm waters reflected the beauties of the hills which sheltered them from the rough tempests which so often blew without. The fishermen evidently think themselves comfortably situated. Nature has supplied them bountifully with all that a man's heart or stomach can desire. It is while looking at what seems complete

and perfect happiness that the thought occurs, how must these people sigh, when driven across the dreary wilderness between the lake country and the sea-coast, for such homes as these; bought by Arabs for two doti, and driven to Zanzibar to pick cloves or do hamal work."

Livingstone.—"*December 9th.*—Leave New York Herald Islet and go south to Lubumba Cape. The people now are the Basansos along the coast. Some men here were drunk and troublesome. We gave them a present, and left them about half-past four in the afternoon, and went to an islet in the north end in about three hours' good pulling; afterwards in eight hours to eastern shore. This makes the lake, say, twenty-eight or thirty miles broad. We coasted along to Makunga's and rested."

Stanley.—"After breakfast we lay down as usual for an afternoon nap. I soon fell asleep, and was dreaming away in my tent in happy oblivion, when I heard a voice hailing me: 'Master! master! get up quick. Here's a fight going to begin.' I sprang up, snatched my revolver-belt from the gun-stand, and went outside. Sure enough, there appeared to be considerable animus between a noisy vindictive-looking set of men and our people. Seven or eight of our people had taken refuge behind the canoe, and had their guns half pointing at the passionate mob, momentarily increasing in numbers, but I could not see the Doctor anywhere.

"'Where's the Doctor?' I asked.

"'Gone over the hill, sir, with his compass,' said Selim.

"'Any one with him?'

"'Susi and Chumah.'

"'You, Bombay, send off two men to warn the Doctor, and tell him to hurry up here.'

"Just then the Doctor and his two men appeared on the brow of the hill, looking down in a most complacent manner on the serio-comic scene which the little basin we were in presented. A naked young man, perfectly drunk, barely able to stand, beating the ground with his only loin-cloth, screaming and storming away like a madman, declaring by this and by that, in his own choice language, that no Arab should halt one moment on the sacred soil of Umsisi. His father, the Sultan, was as drunk as he, though not quite so violent.

"Selim slipped my Winchester rifle, with the magazine full of cartridges, into my hand, as the Doctor arrived on the scene and asked calmly what was the matter. He was answered that they were at war with the Arabs since Mombo, the young son of Kisesa, Sultan of Mazimu, the large island nearly opposite, had been beaten to death by an Arab at Ujiji for looking into his harem. The Doctor, baring his arm, said he was not an Arab, but a white man from whom no black man had ever suffered injury. This seemed to produce great effect, for after a little gentle persuasion the drunken youth and his no less drunken sire were induced to sit down and talk quietly. They frequently referred to Mombo, who was brutally murdered: 'Yes, brutally murdered,' they exclaimed several times in their own tongue, illustrating by faithful pantomime how the unlucky youth had died.

"Livingstone continued talking to them in a mild paternal way, when the old Sultan suddenly rose up,

and began to pace about in an excited manner, and in one of his perambulations deliberately slashed his leg with the sharp blade of his spear, exclaiming that the Arabs had wounded him.

"It was evident that there was little needed to cause all men in that hollow to begin a most sanguinary strife. The gentle and patient bearing of the Doctor had more effect than anything else in making all forbear bloodshed, and in the end prevailed. The Sultan and his son were both sent on their way rejoicing."

To sum up the results of this "Tanganyika picnic" to the two travellers. The Doctor had taken careful observations of the whole of the lake north of Ujiji, had ascertained that there was no outlet north, by the Lusize or any other river, and had satisfied himself that here also were regions well fitted for mission stations and for the residence of white men. He had also recovered much of his bodily health and elasticity of spirits, in this last fellowship he was destined to enjoy with one of his own race.

The younger man had gained that most precious of all experiences—to him who can profit by it—daily intimate contact with a thoroughly noble and pious life; and his manly admiration had grown into enthusiasm and hero-worship, till he can write deliberately; "You may take any point in Dr. Livingstone's character, and analyse it carefully, and I will challenge any man to find a fault in it." And he had discovered Livingstone's secret. "His religion," he writes, "is a constant, earnest, sincere practice. It is neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifests itself in a quiet practical way, and is always at work. In him religion exhibits its loveliest

features: it governs his conduct not only towards his servants, but towards the natives, the bigoted Mahomedans, and all who come in contact with him. Without it, Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiasm, his high spirit and courage, must have become uncompanionable and a hard master. Religion has tamed him and made him a Christian gentleman, the most companionable of men and indulgent of masters."

Above all, Stanley had received and mastered a noble lesson in the treatment of the natives. He had learnt that the "soft answer turneth away wrath" with blacks as with whites; and that, wherever the blight of the slave-trade had not passed, kindliness, honesty, and family affection were scarcely rarer amongst black than amongst white folk. Having regard to Stanley's subsequent career in Africa as Livingstone's successor, it is difficult to exaggerate the value of those few weeks.

CHAPTER XIV

TO UNYANYEMBE WITH STANLEY

1871-72

FROM the 14th to the 27th of December the two travellers rested at Ujiji. At meals they sat on the black bearskin and gay Persian carpet, their backs to the wall, sipping their tea, and chatting on the incidents of "the picnic," as the Doctor persisted in calling it. The Doctor's spare time was spent in preparing despatches and letters for home; Stanley's, when not down with fever, in preparing for his march, and looking after his friend's interests as he understood them. His soul was vexed by the presence of the mutineers, who had baffled the Doctor and forced him to turn back from Nyangwe. The words, "If I could only have gone one month farther I could have said, 'My work is done,'" rang in his ears, and he fretted at the sight of the men swaggering round Ujiji with the Doctor's Enfield rifles. At last he could stand it no longer, and having obtained the Doctor's permission, with the aid of Susi, recovered them all without coming to blows. And now came serious debates as to the future. Every argument the younger man could think of was urged to shake the Doctor's resolution. "Your family are longing to see you." "I promise to

carry you every foot of the way back to the coast. You shall have the finest donkey in Unyanyembe to ride." "Let the sources of the Nile go. Come home and rest. Get well, and then come back and finish what you have to do."

"Mr. Stanley," runs the Journal, "used some very strong arguments in favour of my going home, recruiting my strength, getting artificial teeth, and then returning to finish my task; but my judgment said, 'All your friends will wish you to make a complete work of the sources of the Nile before you retire.' My daughter Agnes says, 'Much as I wish you to come home, I had rather you finished your work to your satisfaction than return merely to gratify me.' Rightly and nobly said, my darling Nannie. Vanity whispers pretty loudly, 'She's a chip of the old block. My blessings on her and all the rest.'"

So the old explorer set his face as a flint; but as a compromise agreed to go with Stanley to Unyanyembe, where he had left stores and would find letters. There he would wait till Stanley could send him up a band of free men from Zanzibar with whom he could hope to complete his work.

Livingstone's Diary.—"*December* 26*th.*—Had but a sorry Christmas yesterday."

Stanley.—"Christmas came, and the Doctor and I had resolved to keep the blessed and time-honoured day, as at home, with a feast. The fever had quite gone from me the night before, and on Christmas morning I was up and dressed, and lecturing Ferajji on the importance of the day to white men, and trying to instil into the sleek and pampered animal some secrets of the culinary art. But, alas, for my weakness! Ferajji spoilt the roast, and our custard was burned. The dinner was a failure. That the fat-brained rascal escaped a thrashing was due only

to my inability to lift my hands, but my looks were capable of annihilating any one except Ferajji. He only chuckled, and I believe had the subsequent gratification of eating the pies, custards, and roast his carelessness had spoiled for European palates."

Next day the preparations were completed. Livingstone left everything to his young comrade, including the route. The boldness of that chosen, with no assistance but the chart Stanley had made of his outward journey, elicited at once his hearty approval. Its plan was to take boat to the south end of Lake Tanganyika, and then to push straight east through a new country to Imrera on the direct route from Unyanyembe to Ujiji, thus avoiding disturbed districts and those of exacting chiefs, who had plundered and hindered Stanley on his upward march to Ujiji.

They had a prosperous and merry voyage of seven days, in two canoes, the first carrying Livingstone and his five servants (who in reward for their faithfulness were taken as passengers and exempted from carrying anything on the march), with the Union Jack at the stern, the second, Stanley, under the Stars and Stripes. On January 7th they left the lake, and on the 16th reached Imrera, leaving it again on the 18th, and arriving at Unyanyembe on February 18th.

The Doctor, though a *guest*, marched the whole way, declining the "finest donkey in Unyan" which had been thoughtfully provided for him. There was as usual much wild rough work in jungle and forest, but with glimpses of better things, such as had cheered him in so many untrodden parts of Central Africa.

Thus in his Journal. "*January* 10*th*.—Across a very

lovely green country of open forest, all fresh, like an English gentleman's park. Game plentiful. Tree-covered mountains right and left, and much brown hæmatite on the levels." "*January* 16*th*.—A very cold night after long and heavy rain. Our camp was among brackens. Went E. and by S. along the high land, and then saw a village in a deep valley, to which we descended. Then up another ridge to a valley, and along to a village well cultivated. Up again at least 700 feet, and down to Merèras village, hid in a mountainous nook, about one hundred and forty huts with doors on one side. The valleys present a lovely scene of industry, all the people being eagerly engaged in weeding and hoeing, to take advantage of the abundant rains which have drenched us every afternoon."

This first ten days' march across the unexplored country proved a severe trial to Stanley, out of which he came with flying colours. "Against the collective counsel of the guides I have persisted in being guided only by the compass and my chart. They strenuously strove to induce me to alter my course, and the veterans asked if I were determined to kill them with famine, as the road was N.E.; but I preferred putting my trust in the compass. No sun shone on us as we threaded our way through the primeval forest. A thick haze covered the forests; rain often pelted us; the firmament was an unfathomable depth of gray vapour. The Doctor had perfect confidence in me, and I held on my way."

On their arrival at Imrera he writes: "By noon we were in our old camp. The natives gathered round, bringing supplies of food, and to congratulate us on having gone to Ujiji and back, but it was long before the

last of the expedition arrived. The Doctor's feet were very sore and bleeding from the weary march. His shoes were in a very worn-out state, and he had so cut and slashed them to ease his blistered feet that any man of our force would have refused them as a gift, no matter how ambitious he might be to encase his feet *a la Umsunga.*"

"19*th.*—Mpokwa's deserted village. The Doctor's feet were very much chafed and sore by the marching. He had walked on foot all the way, though he owned a donkey; while I, considerably to my shame be it said, had ridden occasionally to husband my strength, that I might be able to hunt after arrival at camp." In this important pursuit, for the force depended on him for meat, Stanley found new ground for his hero-worship. He hunted with the Doctor's Reilly rifle. He was often successful, and "when I returned to camp with meat I received the congratulations of the Doctor, which I valued above all others, as he knew from long experience what shooting was."

On January 20th they halted, and Stanley stalked and hit a giraffe, which went off notwithstanding. "The Doctor, who knew how to console an ardent young hunter, attributed my non-success to shooting with leaden balls, which were too soft to penetrate the thick hide of the giraffe, and advised me to melt my zinc canteens, with which to harden the lead. It was not the first time I had cause to thank the Doctor. None knew so well how to console one for bad luck; how to elevate one in his own mind. If I killed a zebra, did not his friend Oswell—the South African hunter—and himself long ago come to the conclusion that zebra's was the finest meat in Africa? If I shot a buffalo, she was sure to be the

best of her kind, and her horns worth carrying home as specimens, and was she not fat? If I returned without anything, the game was very wild, or the people had made a noise and the game had been frightened, and who could stalk animals already alarmed? Indeed he was a most considerate companion, and knowing him to be literally truthful, I was proud of his praise when successful, and when I failed was easily consoled." Three days later he killed a giraffe with the zinc bullet. In the evening of the same day the Doctor was employed from ten till midnight in taking observations from the star Canopus, which showed Mpokwa to be in S. latitude 6° 18′ 40″, differing three miles only from the result Stanley had arrived at on his upward journey by dead reckoning.

"*January 27th.*—We set out for Missonghi. About half-way I saw the head of the expedition on the run, and my donkey began to lash behind with his heels. In a second I was aware of the cause by a cloud of bees buzzing round my head, three or four of which settled on my face and stung me frightfully. We raced madly for half a mile, behaving as wildly as the poor bestung animals. As this was an unusually long march, I doubted if the Doctor could make it as his feet were so sore, so I sent four men back with the litter; but the stout old hero refused to be carried, and walked all the way to camp, eighteen miles. He had been stung dreadfully in the head and face; the bees had settled in handfuls in his hair; but, after a cup of warm tea and some food, he was as cheerful as if he had never travelled a mile. . . . Under that way-worn exterior lay a fund of high spirits and inexhaustible humour; that rugged frame enclosed a young and most excellent soul. Every day I heard in-

numerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes, hunting stories in which his friends Oswell, Webb, Vardon, and Gordon Cumming were almost always the chief actors. At first I was not sure but this joviality, humour, and abundant animal spirits were the result of joyous hysteria, but as I found they continued while I was with him, I was obliged to think them natural."

On January 31st they met a caravan from Unyanyembe, and Stanley learnt that Shaw, whom he had left there, was dead. He was ill of fever himself, and broke out: "'Ah, Doctor! there are two of us out of three gone, I shall be the third if this fever lasts.' 'Oh no, not at all,' he replied. 'If you would have died from fever, you would have died at Ujiji, when you had that severe attack of remittent. Don't think of it. Your fever now is only the result of exposure to wet. I never travel during the wet season. This time I have travelled because I did not wish to detain you at Ujiji.' Besides, the Doctor added, he had stores of jellies and potted soup, fish, ham, waiting at Unyanyembe, which he would share with me, whereupon I was greatly cheered."

"*February 6th.*—Marching through Ukamba forest, the Doctor said he could never pass through an African forest, with its solemn serenity and stillness, without wishing to be buried quietly under the dead leaves. In England there was no elbow-room, and graves were often desecrated, and ever since he had buried his wife in the woods at Shupanga he had sighed for such a grave, where his bones would get the rest they needed."

And so they went on to Unyanyembe, the Doctor sturdily marching all the way, but otherwise giving in to being the petted guest; taking no thought for the

morrow, but leaving food, route, and discipline on the march to his young friend, while he just took his observations, and made short entries in his big Letts's diary. On February 14th they marched into Unyanyembe with flags flying and guns firing.

To his great annoyance Livingstone found that his stores had been broken into and plundered, so that he could not regale his companion upon anything but crackers and hard cheese. What the Arabs had left had been destroyed by white ants, which had eaten even the stocks of two valuable rifles, and the locks and barrels had become useless from neglect and rust. Stanley's store-room had also been broken into and plundered, with the connivance of, if not by order of, the Governor, who would not face the outraged travellers. However, Stanley had still sufficient stores to set up his companion.

Livingstone's Journal.—"*February* 18*th.*—My losses by the Banian-employed slaves are more than made up by Mr. Stanley. Indeed I am quite set up, and as soon as he can send me men, not slaves, from the coast, I go to my work with a fair prospect of finishing it."

"*February* 20*th.*—To my great joy I got four flannel shirts from Agnes, and I was delighted to find that two pairs of fine English boots had most considerately been sent by my kind friend Mr. Waller."

"*February* 22*nd.*—Service this morning, and thanked God for safety thus far. Got a packet of letters from an Arab." In answering these letters, and writing despatches to Lords Granville, Clarendon, and Sir R. Murchison, the days were spent. To Mr. Gordon Bennett also he wrote a grateful acknowledgment for timely succour.

"*March* 14*th.*—Mr. Stanley leaves. I commit to his

care my Journal, sealed with five seals; the impressions are those of an American gold coin, anna, and half-anna, and cake of paint with royal arms, positively not to be opened."

Stanley.—"At dawn we were up. The bales and baggage were taken outside, and the men prepared themselves for their first march homewards. We had a sad breakfast together. I couldn't eat, my heart was too full; nor did my companion seem to have any appetite. We found something to do which kept us together. At eight I was not gone, and I had thought to have been off at five A.M. 'Doctor, I'll leave two of my men. May be you've forgotten something in the hurry. I'll halt a day at Tara for your last word and your last wish. Now, we must part. There's no help for it. Good-bye.'

"'Oh, I'm coming with you a little way. I must see you on the road.'

"'Thank you. Now, my men, home! Kirangoze, lift the flag. March!'

"On the walk Livingstone once more told his plans, and it was settled that his men should be hired for two years from arrival at Unyanyembe, to give ample margin for the completion of his work.

"'Now, my dear Doctor, the best friends must part. You have come far enough.'

"'Well, I will say this to you. You have done what few men could do; far better than some great travellers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend.'

"'And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. Farewell.'

"'Farewell.'

"We wrung each other's hands, and I had to tear myself away before I was unmanned. But Susi, and Chumah, and Hamaydah, the Doctor's faithful fellows, they must all shake and kiss my hands; before I could quite turn away I betrayed myself."

Stanley resolutely turned his face eastward, but now and then would take a look round at the deserted figure of an old man in gray clothes, who with bended head and slow steps was returning to his solitude. A drop in the path came which would hide him from view. "I took one more look at him. He was standing near the gate of Kwihaha with his servants near him. I waved a handkerchief to him, and he responded by lifting his cap."

This was Livingstone's last sight of a white man. It is well that we have so vivid a picture of the bent figure in gray standing at the gate of Kwihaha. The old world has borne on her surface few nobler or more pathetic figures since time began. On the 17th Susi and Hamaydah reached Stanley at the appointed halt, with one letter for Sir Thomas Maclear and another for himself.

The latter ran: "Kwihaha, *March* 15*th*, 1872.—Dear Stanley—If you can telegraph on your arrival in London, be particular, please, to say how Sir Roderick is. You put the matter exactly yesterday, when you said I was 'not yet satisfied about the sources, but, as soon as I shall be, I shall return and give satisfactory reasons fit for other people.' This is just as it stands. I wish I could give you a better word than the Scotch one 'to put a stout heart to a stey brae,' but you will

do that, and I am thankful that before going away the fever had changed into the intermittent, or safe form. I would not have let you go but with great concern had you still been troubled with the continued type. I feel comfortable in commending you to the guardianship of the good Lord and Father of all.—Yours gratefully,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

"*P.S.—March* 16*th.*—I have written a note this morning to Mr. Murray the publisher, to help you if necessary in sending the Journal by book post or otherwise to Agnes. If you call on him you will find him a frank gentleman. A pleasant journey to you. D. L.

"To HENRY M. STANLEY, Esq.,

"Wherever he may be found."

"*March* 17*th.*—Sent the men after Mr. Stanley, and two more to bring back his last words, if any."

"*March* 19*th.*—My birthday. My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All! I again dedicate my whole self to thee. Accept me. And grant, oh Gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, I may finish my work. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen."

"*March* 25*th.*—Susi brought letter from Mr. Stanley. He had a little fever, but I hope will go on safely."

CHAPTER XV

WAITING AT UNYANYEMBE

1872

THE evening of life closes in sorrowfully (as men count sorrow) on the lonely old explorer from the day of Stanley's march for the coast. Five weary months he waited at Unyanyembe before the arrival of the escort whom Stanley enlisted and sent up from Zanzibar. But, though sorely tried by the delay, all the work which could be done on a halt went on as usual. No correspondence or observations were neglected which could forward any branch of his work, scientific, philanthropical, or religious, and every available resource, such as his few books afforded, used to the utmost.

Journal.—"*March* 19*th.*—Very rainy. Am reading Mungo Park's *Travels;* they look so truthful."

"*April* 1*st.*—Read Young's *Search after Livingstone;* thankful for many kind words about me. He writes like a gentleman."

"*April* 2*nd.*—Making a sounding line out of lint left by Stanley. Whydah birds building their nests. The cock bird brings fine grass and seed stalks. He takes the end inside the nest and pulls it all in, save the ear. The hen keeps inside, constantly arranging the grass with

all her might, sometimes making the whole nest move by her efforts. Feathers are laid in after the grass."

"*April 4th.*—Copying astronomical observations for Sir T. Maclear."

"*April 15th.*—Hung up sounding line on poles one fathom apart, and tarred it."

News came now of the destruction by natives of the party of Arabs in Manyuema whom he was nearly joining a year before. "*April 16th.*—To go with them to Lomame, as my slaves were willing to do, was so repugnant to me that I preferred to return that weary 600 miles to Ujiji. I mourned over being baffled and thwarted all the way, but tried to believe it was all for the best. This news showed that, had I gone, I could not have escaped the Bakuss spears, for had I gone I could not have run like the routed fugitives."

"*May 1st.*—Bought a cow for eleven dotis of Merikano; she gives milk, and this makes me independent. Herdman of Baganda from whom I bought her said, 'I go off to pray.' He has been taught by Arabs, and is the first proselyte they have gained. Baker thinks the first want of Africans is to teach them to want. Interesting, seeing that he was bored almost to death by Kamrasi wanting everything he had! . . . . Finished a letter to the *New York Herald,* to elicit American zeal to stop the East Coast slave-trade. I pray for a blessing on it from the All-Gracious." The last sentence of this letter is inscribed on his tomb in Westminster Abbey. "All I can add in my loneliness," it runs, "is, may Heaven's rich blessings come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

"*May 4th.*—Many palavers about Mirambo's death. Arabs say he is a brave man, and the war is not near its end. Some northern natives called Bagoze get a keg of powder and a piece of cloth, go and attack a village, wait for a month or so eating the food of the captured place, and come back for stores again. Thus the war goes on. Prepared tracing paper to draw map for Sir Thomas Maclear. Lewale invites me to a feast."

"*May 11th.*—A serpent of dark olive colour found dead at my door killed by a cat. Puss approaches very cautiously and strikes her claw into the head with a blow delivered as quick as lightning; then holds the head down with both paws, heedless of the wriggling mass of coils behind it; she then bites the neck and leaves it, looking at the disfigured head as if she knew that there had lain the hidden power of mischief. She seems to possess a little of the nature of the Ichneumon, which was sacred in Egypt from its destroying serpents. The serpent is in pursuit of mice when killed by puss."

"*May 17th.*—Waiting wearily. Ailing. Making cheeses for the journey; good, but sour rather, as the milk soon turns in this climate, and we don't use rennet, but let the milk coagulate of itself; and it does thicken in half a day."

"*May 23rd.*—A family of ten Whydah birds come to the pomegranate trees in our yard. The eight young ones are fed by the dam as young pigeons are. The food is brought up from the crops without the bowing and bending of the pigeon. They chirrup briskly for food. The dam gives most, while the red-breasted cock gives one or two and then knocks the rest away."

A passage in Speke that the women in Kasenge, an

island in Tanganyika, sold their children, draws a long comment from the Doctor, in which he enters on the missionary topic, and draws a picture of what active men could do in this region. "In crossing Tanganyika three times I was detained on Kasenge about ten weeks in all. On each occasion Arab traders were present, all eager to buy slaves, but none were offered, and they assured me they had never seen the habit alleged to exist by Speke. I would say to missionaries, 'Come on, brethren, to the real heathen. You have no idea how brave you are till you try. Leaving the coast tribes and devoting yourselves heartily to the savages, as they are called, you will find, with some drawbacks and wickednesses, a very great deal to admire and love. Many statements made about them require confirmation. You will never see women selling their infants. The Arabs never did, nor have I.'" And after going into practical details: "It would be a sort of Robinson Crusoe life, but with abundant materials for surrounding oneself with comforts and improving the improvable amongst the natives. Clothing would require but small expense. Four suits of strong tweed served me comfortably for five years."

May 27th.—After noticing the arrival of another pair of Whydahs with brood, in which the cock bird feeds all the brood: "The young ones lift up a feather as a child would a doll, and invite others to do the same, in play. So too with another pair; the cock skips from side to side with a feather in his bill, and the hen is pleased. Nature is full of enjoyment. . . . Cock Whydah bird died in the night. The brood came and chirruped to it for food, and tried to make it feed them, as if not knowing death."

There are troubles even amongst the few faithful servants left with him.

"*May* 29*th.*—Halima ran away in a quarrel with Ntaoeka. I went over to Sultan Bin Ali, and sent a note after her, but she came back of her own accord and only wanted me to come outside and tell her to enter. I did so, and added, 'You must not quarrel again.' She has been extremely good ever since I got her at Katombo. I never had to reprove her. She is always very attentive and clever, and never steals, nor would she allow her husband to steal. She is the best spoke in the wheel; this her only escapade is easily forgiven, and I gave her a warm cloth for the cold by way of assuring her that I feel no grudge against her."

Within a few days Ntaoeka had been taken in hand with equal success. "When Ntaoeka chose to follow us rather than go to the coast, I did not like to have a fine-looking woman among us unattached, and proposed that she should marry one of my three worthies, Chumah, Gardiner, or Mabruki, but she smiled at the idea. Chumah was evidently too lazy ever to get a wife. The other two were contemptible in appearance, and she has a good presence, and is buxom. Chumah promised reform. He had been lazy, he admitted, because he had no wife, and on my speaking to her again she consented. . . . I have noticed her ever since working hard from morning to night, the first up in the morning, making fire and hot water and wood, sweeping, cooking."

"*June* 19*th.*—Whydahs, though full fledged, still gladly take a feed from their dam, putting down the breast to the ground, cocking up the bill, and chirruping in the most engaging way they know. She gives them a little,

but administers a friendly shove too. They all pick up feathers and grass, and hop from side to side of their mater, as if saying, 'Come, let us play at making little homes.' The wagtail has shaken her young quite off, and has a new nest. She warbles prettily, very much like a canary, and is very active in catching flies, but eats crumbs and bread and milk too. Sun birds visit the pomegranate flowers, and eat insects therein too as well as nectar. The young Whydah birds crouch closely together at night for heat. They look like a woolly ball on a branch. By day they engage in pairing and coaxing each other. They come to the same twig every night. Like children, they try to lift heavy weights of feathers above their strength."

"*June* 21*st.*—Lewale off to the war with Mirambo. He is to finish it now! a constant fusilade along the line of his march west will expend much powder, but possibly get their spirits up. If successful we shall get Banyamweze pagazi in numbers. Mirambo is reported to have sent one hundred tusks, and one hundred slaves, towards the coast to buy powder."

"*June* 24*th.*—The medical education has led me to a continual tendency to suspend the judgment. What a state of blessedness it would have been had I possessed the dead certainty of the homœopathists, and as soon as I found Lakes Bangweolo, Moero, and Kamalondo pouring their waters down the great central valley, bellowed out, 'Hurrah! Eureka!' and got home in firm and honest belief that I had settled it, and no mistake. Instead of that I am even now not cocksure that I have not been following down what may after all be the Congo."

"*July* 2*nd.*—Make up a packet for Dr. Kirk and Mr.

Webb of Zanzibar. Explain to Kirk, and beg him to investigate and punish, and put blame on right persons" (for the robberies of his goods). "Write Sir B. Frere and Agnes. Send large packet of astronomical observations and sketch map to Sir T. Maclear by native, Suleiman."

"*July 3rd.*—Received note from Oswell, written April last, containing the sad news of Sir Roderick's departure from amongst us. Alas! alas! this is the only time in my life I have ever been inclined to use the word, and it speaks a sore heart. The best friend I ever had—true, warm, abiding. He loved me more than I deserved. He looks down on me still. I must feel resigned by the Divine Will; still I regret and mourn."

"*July 5th.*—Weary! weary!"

"*July 7th.*—Waiting wearily here, and hoping that the good and loving Father of all may favour me, and help me to finish my work quickly and well. Temperature at six A.M. 61°; feels cold." Here, as though to divert his sad thoughts, comes a vivid description of the Makombwe, the hereditary hippopotamus-hunters, and their method of hunting, ending: "This hunting requires the greatest skill, courage, and nerve that can be conceived,—double armed and three-fold brass, or whatever the *Æneid* says. The Makombwe are certainly a magnificent race of men, hardy and active in their habits, and well fed, as the result of their brave exploits; being a family occupation, it has no doubt helped in producing fine physical development. Though all the people amongst whom they sojourn would like the profits they secure, I have met with no competitors to them except the Wayeiye, of Lake Ngami and adjacent rivers. I have seen

our dragoon officers perform fencing and managing their horses so dexterously that every muscle seemed trained to its fullest power, and perhaps had they been brought up as Makombwe they might have equalled their daring and consummate skill. But we have no sport, except perhaps Indian tiger shooting, requiring the courage and coolness their enterprise demands. The danger may be appreciated if one remembers that no sooner is blood shed in the water than all the crocodiles below are immediately drawn up stream by the scent, and are ready to act the part of thieves in a London crowd, or worse."

Then he relieves the weary waiting by a dissertation on the prospects of a mission station one hundred miles from the east coast, warmly advocating it. "A couple of Europeans beginning a mission without a staff of foreign attendants implies coarse country fare, it is true, but it would be nothing to those who at home amuse themselves with fasts, vigils, etc. A great deal of power is thus lost to the Church. Fastings and vigils without a special object are time run to waste, made to minister to a kind of self-gratification instead of being turned to account for the good of others. They are like groaning in sickness. Some people amuse themselves when ill by continuous moaning. The forty days of Lent might be spent in visiting adjacent tribes, and bearing unavoidable hunger and thirst with a good grace. Considering the greatness of the end to be attained, men might go without sugar, coffee, tea, etc.; I went from September 1866 to December 1868 without either."

"*July* 12*th.* — When endeavouring to give some account of the slave-trade of East Africa, it was necessary to keep far within the truth in order not to

be thought guilty of exaggeration; but in sober seriousness, the subject does not admit of exaggeration. The sights I have seen, though common incidents in the traffic, are so nauseous that I strive to drive them from my memory. In most cases I can succeed in time, but the slaving scenes come back unbidden, and make me start up at dead of night horrified by their vividness."

A long paper of notes on the geology of Central Africa serves to while away the time while his escort creeps slowly up, and the war all round him between the Arabs and Mirambo drags on. One characteristic incident in this war of the kites and crows may be noted.

"*July* 17*th.*—Went over to Sultan Bin Ali yesterday. Very kind as usual. He gave me guavas, and a melon called 'matangè.' It is reported that one of Mirambo's men, Sorura, set sharp sticks in concealed holes, which acted like Bruce's 'crow toes' at Bannockburn, and wounded several. This has induced the Arabs to send for a cannon they have, with which to batter Mirambo at a distance. The gun is borne past us this morning, a brass seven-pounder, dated 1679. Carried by the Portuguese commander to China in 1679, or one hundred and ninety-three years ago, and now used to beat Mirambo by Arabs who have very little interest in the war!"

"*July* 21*st.*—Bought two milch cows with calves for seventeen dotis, or thirty-four fathoms. Bagandas packing up to leave for home. They take a good deal of brandy and gin for Mtesa from the Moslems. Temperature at noon 96°. Another nest of wagtails flown; they eat bread-crumbs. I wish my men would

come and let me off this waiting. . . . Some philosophising is curious. It represents our Maker forming the machine of the universe; setting it agoing, and able to do nothing more outside certain of His own laws. He, as it were, laid the egg of the whole, and, like an ostrich, left it to be hatched by the sun. We can control laws, but He cannot! A fire set to this house would consume it, but we throw on water and consume the fire. We control the elements fire and water: is He debarred from doing the same, and more, who has infinite wisdom and knowledge?"

At last, on July 31st, he hears that his escort are only twelve days off, and notes that he is "thankful even for this in my wearisome waiting."

"*August 5th.*—In some parts one is struck by the fact of the children having so few games. Life is a serious business, and amusement is derived from imitating the vocations of the parents—hut building, making little gardens, bows and arrows, shields and spears. Elsewhere boys are very ingenious little fellows, and have several games; they also shoot birds with bows, and teach captured linnets to sing. They make play-guns of reeds, which go off with a trigger and spring with a cloud of smoke. The boys shoot locusts with small toy guns very cleverly. A couple of rufous, brown-headed, and dirty speckle-breasted swallows appeared to-day for the first time this season and lighted on the ground. This kind builds here in houses, and as far south as Shupanga."

"*August 6th.*—Wagtails begin to discharge their young, which feed themselves. I can think of nothing but 'when will these men come?' Sixty days was the

period named, now it is eighty-four. It may be all for the best in the good providence of the Most High."

"*August 9th.*—I do most devoutly thank the Lord for His goodness in bringing my men near to this. Three came to-day, and how thankful I am I cannot express. It is well; the men who went with Stanley come again to me. 'Bless the Lord, Oh my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy Name, amen.'"

"*August 15th.*—The men came yesterday, having been seventy-four days from Bagamoio. Most thankful I am to the Giver of all good. I have to give them a few days' rest, and then start."

"*August 20th.*—Weighed all the loads again, and gave an equal load of fifty pounds to each, and half to the Nassickers. Mabruki Speke is left at Taborah with Sultan Bin Ali. He has long been sick, and unable to go with us."

"*August 21st.*—Gave people an ox, and to a discarded wife a cloth, to avoid exposure by her husband stripping her. She is somebody's child!"

All is now ready for the start. Once more, forward brave old heart!

CHAPTER XVI

THE LAST ADVANCE—DEATH

1872-73

On August 25th, 1872, all was ready, and the old traveller marched out of Unyanyembe at the head of a party of fifty-six men sent him by Mr. Stanley. "A dutiful son could not have done more than he generously did. I bless him." He writes six months later to Sir Thomas Maclear and Mr. Mann in a last letter, never finished: "The men have behaved as well as Makololo. I cannot award them higher praise, though they have not the courage of that brave kind-hearted people." "Opere peracto ludemus," he wrote about the same date to his old college friend Mr. James Young, or Sir Parafine, as he playfully called him, "you remember, in your Latin rudiments, 'lang syne.' It is time for you, and I rejoice to think is now your portion, after working nobly, to play. May you have a long spell of it! I am differently situated. I shall never be able to play. To me it seems to be said, 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn to death, and them that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, "Behold we know it not," doth not He that pondereth the heart consider, and He that keepeth the soul doth He not know, and shall He not give every

man according to his works?' I have been led unwittingly into the slaving field of the Banians and Arabs in Central Africa. I have seen the woes inflicted, and must still do all I can to expose and mitigate the evils. Though hard work is still to be my lot, I look genially on others more favoured. I would not be a member of the International, for I love to think of others enjoying life."

The men who in a few weeks' time were as good as Makololo were by no means so at first. On the second day two of the Nassickers lost one out of his ten cows, and again on August 30th: "The two Nassickers lost all the cows yesterday from sheer laziness. Found a long way off and one cow missing. She was our best milker. Susi gave them ten cuts each with a switch." Nassickers, however, were in as perfect order as the rest in a few weeks under the superb powers of organisation and management of the old explorer, when he writes to Stanley: "I am perpetually reminded that I owe a great deal to you for the men you sent. With one exception the party is working like a machine. I give my orders to Mwana Sera, and never have to repeat them."

With these fifty-six men and two women, Livingstone set out from Unyanyembe on his last march on August 25th, 1872. It ended on April 30th, 1873, in Chitambo's village of Ilala, on the south-western shore of Lake Bangweolo. Those who have followed him on the map in his last journey, when he returned baffled and broken down in health from his extreme north-western point on the Lualaba—far up in Central Africa, and still doubtful whether he was on the sources of the Nile or the Congo—will be surprised at the southern direction of his last march. It seems at first sight to have little

bearing on the great question, Nile or Congo. His reasons for the route chosen seem to have been as follows. From careful sifting of the reports of native travellers he was inclined to believe that the story told by the priest of Minerva to Herodotus, in the temple of Sais, of the two conical hills in Central Africa, Crophi and Mophi, from the unfathomed fountains at whose feet flowed two rivers, the one to the north through Egypt, the other to Ethiopia, was worth more than the father of history had assigned to it. He would satisfy himself as to this by visiting the two hills due west of Bangweolo. Then turning due north, and visiting the copper mines and underground excavations in the Katangas country by the way, he hoped in twelve days to strike the head of the unexplored lake, where he looked for the final solution of his doubts. "Then I hope devoutly to thank the Lord of all, and turn my face along Lake Kamalondo, and over Lualaba, Tanganyika, Ujiji, and home!"

This last and crowning expedition would therefore have put a girdle outside his previous explorations in these districts, keeping to the westward of Lake Moero, and so up north by Lake Lincoln till he struck the Lualaba on its west bank, beyond the point where he had been foiled and turned back two years before. He would have there crossed into the Manyuema territory, and returned to his starting-point round the northern end of Lake Tanganyika. A truly heroic piece of work for a man of sixty, worn by previous hardships and subject to a cruel and exhausting form of dysentery from over-exertion or exposure.

Knowing the event as we do, it is a pathetic task to

follow him. War was raging over much of the district east of Tanganyika through which his path lay, adding greatly to the danger and difficulties of the march, the people being distrustful and unwilling or unable to sell provisions. Sometimes he rode one of the donkeys, but as a rule tramped along till September 21st, when his old enemy, which had already attacked him, had to be seriously met. "Rest here," runs the entry, "as the complaint does not yield to medicine or time; but I begin to eat now, which is a favourable symptom," and then follow notes on the habits of kites, and on the gingerbread palm. And even as disease gains on him, similar notes on the products and people are made day by day, with observations, when these could be taken, the direction of the route and distance traversed, and the daily orders to his men.

His great loving heart, too, is open all the way. Here it is a poor woman of Ujiji who had followed one of Stanley's men, and been cast off by him; "she had quarrelled all round; her temper seems too excitable; she is somebody's bairn, nevertheless."

"*November* 18*th*.—One of the men picked up a little girl deserted by her mother. As she was benumbed by cold and wet, he carried her, but when I came up he threw her into the grass. I ordered a man to carry her, and we gave her to one of the childless women."

Every day some of the men are ill and have to be cared for, and loads readjusted. The region is for the most part desolate all round the southern end of Tanganyika. "The population of Myunda must have been prodigious, for all the stones have been cleared and every available inch of soil cultivated. The population are said to have been all swept away by the Watuta."

Food was constantly running short.

"*November 3rd.*—We marched to a village where food was reported. I had to punish two useless men for calling out 'Posho! posho!' rations, as soon as I came near. One is a confirmed bange[1] smoker. The blows were given lightly, but I promised that the next should be severe."

Now and then an undisturbed village occurs, or a friendly chief.

"*November 27th.*—As it is Sunday we stay here at N'daris village, for we shall be in an uninhabitable tract to-morrow beyond the Lofu. The head-man cooked six messes for us, and begged us to remain for more food, which we buy. He gave us a handsome present of flour and a fowl, for which I return him a present of a doti. Very heavy rain and high gusts of wind, which wet us all." The rainy season had set in severely, and the hot ground, which had scorched their feet on the rocky paths near Tanganyika, had turned into a vast sponge or swamp on the eastern and southern shores of Lake Bangweolo, which they were now approaching.

His humour never forsook him even in these dreary days. At a large stream beyond the Lofu "a man came to the bridge to ask for toll. As it was composed of one stick only, and unfit for our use, because rotten, I agreed to pay, provided he made it fit for us, but if I remade and enlarged it, I said he ought to give me a goat. He slank away, and we laid large trees across."

"*29th.*—Chiwé presented us with a small goat with crooked legs and some millet flour, but grumbled at the cloth I gave. I offered another fathom and a bundle of

[1] Hemp.

needles, but he grumbled at this too, and sent it back. On this I returned his goat and marched."

"*December 3rd.*—We crossed the Kanomba, fifteen yards wide and knee deep. Here our guide disappeared. So did the path."

In December the rains come on, and the whole country soon becomes a large sponge. The ominous single word "Ill" appears in the journal; still every stream crossed is entered in his pocket-book, with observations when they could be taken, and the marching orders, and direction of route. And no suffering is allowed to interfere with discipline.

"*December 16th.*—The pugnacious spirit is one of the necessities of life. When people have little or none of it, they are subjected to indignity and loss. My own men walk into houses where we pass the night without leave, and steal cassava without shame—I have to threaten and thrash to keep them honest; while if we are at a village where the natives are a little pugnacious, they are as meek as sucking doves. The peace plan involves indignity and wrong. I give little presents to the head-men, and to some extent heal their hurt sensibilities. This is much appreciated, and produces profound hand-clapping."

"*December 24th.*—Sent back Chama's arrows" (a bundle he had taken two days before), "as his foolish brother cannot use them against us now. There are 215 in the bundle."

"*Christmas Day.*—I thank the good Lord for the good gift of His Son, Christ Jesus our Lord. Slaughtered an ox, and gave a fundo and a half to each of the party. This is our great day, so we rest. It is cold and wet, day and night. The head-man is gracious and generous, which is

very pleasant compared with awe, awe, and refusing to sell, or stop to speak, or show the way."

"*27th.*—I killed a snake seven feet long here. He reared up before me, and turned to fight. No observations possible through most of this month. A man ill, and unable to come on, was left all night in the rain without fire. Sent men back to carry him."

"*29th or 1st January.*—Our man Chipangawazi died last night, and was buried this morning; a good quiet man. I am wrong two days."

"*January 8th.*—We are near Lake Bangweolo and in a damp region." From this time the advance was a constant plunging through morasses and across the many rivers running into Bangweolo. Pushing through deserted villages, "population all gone from the war of Chitoka with Chitunkue," chief of this region. "No astronomical observations worth naming during December and January; impossible to take any, owing to clouds and rain. It is trying beyond measure to be baffled by the natives lying and misleading us wherever they can. They fear us very greatly, and with a terror that would gratify an anthropologist's heart."

He could now only travel on the shoulders of Susi and others. "The country is covered with bracken, and rivulets occur at least one every hour of the march. These are now deep, and have a broad selvage of sponge." Here is a specimen of their difficulties: "Carrying me across one of the broad deep sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task. One we crossed was at least 2000 feet broad. The first part, the main stream, came up to Susi's mouth, and wetted my seat and legs. One held up my pistol behind, then one after another took a turn; and when he sank

into a deep elephant's footprint he required two to lift him on to the level, which was over waist deep. Others went on, and bent down the grass to insure some footing on the side of the elephants' path. Every ten or twelve paces brought us to a clear stream, flowing fast in its own channel, while over all a strong current came bodily through all the rushes and aquatic plants. Susi had the first spell, then Farijala, then a tall stout Arab-looking man, then Amoda; and each time I was lifted off bodily and put on another pair of broad willing shoulders, and fifty yards put them out of breath. No wonder! It was sore on the women folk."

In February the chance of starvation was added to his other trials.

"1*st.*—Scouts forced to return by hunger. Killed our last calf, and turn back for four days' hard travel to Chitunkubwe's. I send men on to bring back food."

"4*th.*—Camp amongst deserted gardens, which afford a welcome supply of cassava and sweet potatoes."

"5*th.*—We are now at Chitunkubwe's mercy. Returned over those forty-one miles in fifteen hours. I got lunars for a wonder. Chitunkubwe is a fine jolly-looking man, of a European caste of countenance, and very friendly. I gave him two cloths, for which he seemed thankful, and promised good guides to Matipa's. It seems we have been close to human habitations, but did not know it. We have lost half a month by this wandering, all owing to the unfriendliness of some and the fear of all."

Discipline never slackens.

"14*th.*—Public punishment to Chirango for stealing beads; fifteen cuts. It was Halima who informed on

Chirango, as he offered her beads, for a cloth, of a kind which she knew had not hitherto been taken out of the baggage. This was so far faithful in her, but she has an outrageous tongue. I remain because of an excessive hæmorrhagic discharge. If the good Lord gives me favour, and permits me to finish my work, I shall thank and bless Him, though it has cost me untold toil, pain, and travel. This trip has made my hair all gray."

"16*th*.—Chitunkubwe's men ran away, refusing to wait till we had heard from Matipa," to whom he had sent on Susi and Chumah.

"17*th*.—Suffered a furious attack at midnight from the red Sirafu or Driver ants. Our cook fled first at their onset. I lighted a candle, and remembering Dr. Van der Kemp's idea that no animal will attack man unprovoked, lay still. The first came on my foot quietly. Then some began to bite between the toes. Then the larger ones swarmed over the foot, bit furiously, and made blood start. I went out of the tent and was instantly covered as close as small-pox (not confluent) on a patient. Grass fires were lighted, and my men picked some off my limbs and tried to save me. After battling for an hour or two, they took me into a tent not yet invaded, and I rested till they came—the pests—and routed me out there too. Then came on a steady pour of rain, as if trying to make us miserable. I got back to my tent at nine A.M." Then follows a description of the habits of this ant: "They remained with us till late in the afternoon, and we put hot ashes on the defiant hordes. They retire to enjoy the fruits of their raid, and come out fresh another day."

Susi had gone on to Matipa's to negotiate for canoes.

"We wait, hungry and cold, and hope the good Lord will grant us influence with this man. If he fails us by fair means, we must seize canoes and go by force. The men say fear of me makes them act very cowardly. I have gone amongst the whole population kindly and fairly, but I fear must now act rigidly; for when they hear we have submitted to injustice, they at once conclude we are fair game. It is, I can declare, not my nature, nor has it been my practice, to go as if my back were up."

"22*nd*.—I was never in such misty, cloudy weather in Africa. No observations can possibly be taken."

"26*th*.—Susi returned this morning with good news from Matipa, who declares his willingness to carry us to Kabende for the five bundles of brass wire I offered." The canoes arrived next day, but the paddlers proposed to embark only half the party at once. "I refused to divide our force. The good Lord help me. They say Matipa is truthful. New moon this evening."

"*March* 1*st*.—Embarked women and goods in canoes, and went three hours S.E. to Bangweolo. Heavy rain wetted us all. We went over flooded prairies four feet deep, covered with rushes and two varieties of lotus or sacred lily: both are eaten, and so are papyrus. The men (paddlers) are great cowards. I took possession of all their paddles and punt poles, as they showed an inclination to move off from our islet. Plains, extending further than the eye can reach, have four or five feet of clear water and lake; and adjacent lands, for twenty or thirty miles, are level. We are surrounded by scores of miles of rushes, an open sward, and many lotus plants, but no mosquitoes."

One follows the brave old man, now fast sinking, with sore heart but ever-growing admiration. Detained at Matipa's village, he is still gathering information on legends, geography, natural history. "Matipa never heard from any of the elders of his people that any of his forefathers ever saw a European. He knew perfectly about Pereira, Lacerda, and Monteiro, going to Casembe, and my coming to the islet Mpabala. The following is a small snatch of Babisa lore, and told by an old man who came to try for some beads, and seemed much interested about printing. He was asked if there were any marks made on the rocks in any part of the country, and this led to the story. Lukeranga came from the west, a long time ago, to the river Lualaba. He had with him a little dog. When he wanted to pass over, he threw his mat on the water, and this served for a raft. When he reached the other side there were rocks at the landing-place, and the mark is still to be seen on the stone, not only of his foot, but of a stick which he cut with his hatchet, and of his dog's feet; the name of the place is Achewa." While waiting wearily at Matipa's, he moved his camp out of the dirty village to the highest point of the island for fresher air.

"*March* 11*th.*—Matipa says 'Wait: Kabinga is coming, and he has canoes.' Time is of no value to him. His wife is making him pombe, and will drown all his cares, but mine increase and plague me. . . . Better news: the son of Kabinga is to be here to-night, and we shall concoct plans together."

"*March* 12*th.*—The news was false; no one from Kabinga. The men strung beads to-day, and I wrote part of my despatch to Earl Granville."

No canoes or messengers from Kabinga coming, Livingstone at last loses patience.

"18*th.*—I made a demonstration by taking quiet possession of his village and house; fired a pistol through the roof and called my men, ten being left to guard the camp."

"*March* 19*th* (his last birthday).—Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, Oh! my good Lord Jesus."

"21*st.*—Gave Matipa a coil of thick brass wire and his wife a string of large neck beads, and explained my hurry to be off. He is now all fair, and promises largely; he has been much frightened by our warlike demonstration. I am glad I had nothing more to do than make a show of force." At last on the 23rd he gets away.

"24*th.*—We punted six hours to a little islet without a tree, and no sooner landed than a pitiless pelting rain came on. We turned up a canoe for shelter. We shall reach the Chambeze to-morrow. The wind tore the tent out of our hands, and damaged it too. The loads are all soaked, and with the cold it is bitterly uncomfortable. A man put my bed in the bilge, and never said 'bale out,' so I was safe for a wet night; but it turned out better. No grass, but we made a bed of the loads, and a blanket fortunately put into a bag."

"25*th.*—Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward."

Forward! but with ever-thickening trouble, the

men marching through water, parallel with his progress in a canoe.

"*March* 31*st.*—Sent Kabinga a cloth and a message, but he is evidently a niggard, like Matipa. We must take him as we find him; there is no use in growling. . . . Kabinga, it seems, pleased with the cloth—well; will ask for maize from his people and buy it for me."

"*April* 4*th.*—Sent over to Kabinga to buy a cow, and got a fat one for two and a half dotis, to give my people a feast ere we start. The 'kambari' fish of the Chambeze is 3 feet 3 inches in length. Two others, the 'polwe' and 'lopalakwao,' all go up the Chambeze to spawn when the rains begin. Casembe's people make caviare of the spawn of the 'pumbo.'"

"5*th.*—March from Kabinga's on the Chambeze, our luggage in canoes and men on land. We punted on floods 6 feet deep, with many ant-hills all about covered with trees. Course S.S.E. for 5 miles, across River Lobingela, sluggish, 300 yards wide."

"6*th.*—Leave in same way, but men sent from Kabinga to steal the canoes which we paid his brother Mateysa handsomely for . . . our party separated and we pulled and punted six or seven hours in great difficulty, as the fishermen refused to tell us where deep water lay. . . . It is quite impossible to tell where land ends and lake begins. It is water, water everywhere. The Nile apparently enacting its inundations even at its sources. . . A lion had wandered into this world of water and ant-hills, and roared night and morning, as if very much disgusted. We could sympathise with him."

"10*th.*—I am pale, bloodless, and weak from

bleeding profusely ever since 31st of March: an artery gives off a copious stream, and takes away my strength."

The party are now all together again and marching slowly.

"18*th*.—Crossed two large sponges, and I was forced to stop at a large village after travelling two hours. Very ill all night, but remembered that the bleeding and most other ailments in this land are forms of fever. Took two scruple doses of quinine, and stopped it quite . . . not all pleasure this exploration." And then follows the last note on the country he seems ever to have made. "The Lavusi hills are a relief to the eye in this flat upland. Their forms show you an igneous origin. The river Kazya comes from them, and goes direct to the lake. No observations now; owing to great weakness. I can hardly hold a pencil, and my stick is a burden. Tent gone. The men built a good hut for me and the luggage."

From this time, though scarcely conscious, he still pushes on. On the 21st he even made an effort to ride the donkey, but fell off directly. Chumah threw down his gun, ran on to stop the men ahead, and on his return bent over his master, who said, "Chumah, I have lost so much blood there is no strength left in my legs, you must carry me." He was lifted on to Chumah's shoulders, and carried back to the village.

"*From the* 23*rd to* 26*th April*."—No entry but the date, but he still struggled forward in the "Kitanda" (a rough litter). While halting on the latter day, though prone with pain and exhaustion, he directed Susi to count the bags of beads, and twelve being still in stock,

directed him to buy two elephant's tusks to be exchanged for cloth when they reached Ujiji.

The last entry on April 27th runs, "Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." The goats could not be bought, and on the 29th, in the last stage of pain and weakness, he was carried to the Molilamo and ferried across. Ilala, the village of Chitambo a friendly chief, was now close by, but twice on the way he desired to be left where he was, the intense pain of movement having mastered him. The last halt was for an hour in the gardens outside. While his men prepared the raised bed of sticks and grass inside, and banked the hut round, a curious crowd gathered round to gaze at the best friend Africa had ever had, and was about to lose. Drizzling rain was falling, and a fire was lighted outside the door. The boy Majwara slept inside the tent.

In the morning Chitambo came, but the dying man sent him away, telling him to come next day, when he hoped to be able to talk. At eleven P.M. Susi was called in by the boy. There was shouting in the distance, and Livingstone asked, "Are our men making that noise?" "No. The people are scaring a buffalo from their dura fields." A pause. "Is this the Luapula?" "No, Ilala, Chitambo's village." "How many days to the Luapula?" "I think three days, Bwana (master)." He dozed off again. An hour later Susi again heard the boy's "Bwana wants you, Susi." Susi went in; he was told to boil water, and then to get the medicine chest and hold the candle, and he noticed that his master could hardly see. He selected the calomel with difficulty, and was

told to put a cup with water, and another empty, by the bed. "All right; you can go out now," in a feeble voice, were the last words he heard. About four A.M. Majwara came again: "Come to Bwana, I am afraid. I don't know if he is alive."

Susi, Chumah, and four others were at the tent-door in a moment. The Doctor was kneeling by the bed, his face buried in his hands on the pillow, dead.

CHAPTER XVII

CONCLUSION

THERE can be no doubt that David Livingstone, as he knelt by the rude bed at Ilala, and commended his soul to God in the early morning of May 1st, 1873, looked on himself as a beaten man. He had set his heart on finishing off his work in this last journey. When he had fixed the details, while waiting at Unyanyembe for his men, he writes: "This route will serve to certify that no other sources of the Nile can come from the south without being seen by me. No one will cut me out after this exploration is accomplished, and may the good Lord of all help me to show myself one of His stout-hearted servants, an honour to my children, and perhaps to my country and race." No one can cut me out after this is done! There is a trace of natural human weakness in the phrase, and as the toilsome journey went on, and strength, though not heart, was failing, there are entries in the Journal such as this on his last birthday:—"*March 19th.*—Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, Oh! my good Lord Jesus."

A feeling which no one would call morbid, but for

which it is difficult to find the precise phrase, undoubtedly grew upon him in these last months, that he was engaged in a personal encounter with a personal power of evil, in which death on the road would mean defeat.

Has not the experience of every martyr been the same? The more perfect the self-sacrifice in life, the more surely would this shadow seem to have hung over the last hours of the world's best and bravest, the only perfect life being not only no exception, but the great exemplar of the law. It is written "Except a grain of wheat die it beareth no fruit." Never were those mighty words illustrated more perfectly than in the death of David Livingstone. The first-fruits ripened within a few hours of the master's death. Susi and Chumah called the men together outside the hut. Not a man of the fifty-six faltered for a moment: they had learned much in those nine months. "You are old men," they said, "in travelling and hardships. You must be our chiefs. We will do whatever you order."

Susi and Chumah justified the trust. The body and all the property must be carried back to Zanzibar. So they resolved, and so it was done.

They buried the heart and entrails under a tree, on which Jacob Wainwright, one of the Nassicker boys, the scholar of the party, carved the name and date; Chitambo, who behaved in a most friendly way, promising to keep the grass cut and the grave respected. They then dried the body and packed it in bark, the process keeping them fourteen days. Jacob Wainwright made an inventory of the contents of the two special tin cases, impervious to water and ants. "In the chest," it runs, "was found about a shilling and ½, and in other

chest his hat, 1 watch, and 2 small boxes of measuring instrument, and in each box there was one—1 compass, 3 other kind of measuring instrument, 4 other kind of measuring instrument, and in other chest 3 drachmas and half half-scrople." Besides these, there were his rifles, sextants, Bible and church-service, and a number of note-books filled with observations. All were catalogued, and on February 15th, 1874, delivered to the English Consul at Zanzibar, not an article missing except some of the instruments. These had been taken out by Lieutenant Cameron, commanding one of the search-expeditions, on their arrival at Unyanyembe on October 20th. The Lieutenant advised the burial of the body in Africa. Livingstone, in sight of a forest-grave in June, 1868, had written: "This is the sort of grave I should prefer; to lie in the still still forest, and no hand ever to disturb my bones. Poor Mary lies on Shupanga brae, and beeks forenent the sun." But the faithful bearers would not hear of this. They had allowed bulk to be broken, and the familiar instruments taken out, but the body of their master must be taken back to his old home, far away across the great waters.

Thus they carried Livingstone to the sea, through swamp, desert, and all the intervening tribes—superstitious, destitute, often hostile—with only one collision, when they were attacked first and had to storm a village. The story stands alone in history. The ten thousand had Xenophon still alive to lead them back, and they were soldiers and Greeks; but Livingstone was dead, and his men negroes, and most of them recently freed slaves.

From Zanzibar his bones were carried on board the Queen's ship *Calcutta* to Aden, from thence by P. and O.

boat to Southampton, where they were received with all honour, and forwarded by special train to London on April 16th, 1874. They were examined by Sir William Fergusson, identified by the false joint in the arm, and buried in the centre of the nave of Westminster Abbey on April 19th, while the heart of England swelled with grief and pride over one of her noblest sons.

A few words as to the fruit that grain of martyr-wheat has borne in the last sixteen years, and the prospect of the harvest in 1889, may fitly close our sketch. The Universities Mission claims the first place. We have seen the enthusiasm with which Livingstone's words had been welcomed at Cambridge in 1858, "I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open. Do not let it be shut again;" how the first gallant advance led by Bishop Mackenzie in 1861, ended in his death and the retirement of the headquarters of the mission to Zanzibar under his successor; how the old pioneer mourned over that retreat. He did not live to see that temporary abandonment of the mainland justify itself. From the island centre at Zanzibar the Mission has now spread over one thousand miles of the neighbouring mainland. Its staff, including the bishop and three archdeacons, numbers ninety-seven, of whom two deacons and thirty-two teachers and readers are natives, and nineteen English ladies. Its income for 1887 exceeded £15,500. It has three stations on the island and ten on the mainland. The island stations are—(1) the old slave-market in the town of Zanzibar, from which the needs of all the stations are supplied as far as means allow, and in which are the bishop's residence, when in rare intervals he rests from

his circuit, the theological school, and a large dispensary; (2) Kiungani, where there is a boys' training-school; (3) Mbweni, with its girls' school and native settlement of freed slaves, for years a great expense but now not only self-supporting but contributing not a little to the expenses of the Mission by the carpentering and other work done there for the mainland stations. These mainland stations fall naturally into three districts—the Rovuma, the Nyassa, and the Magila. There are four stations in the Rovuma district, besides schools and preaching-huts in many neighbouring villages, and six English workers. The superior chief of the dominant tribe, Barnaba Matuka by name, is a convert and a hearty supporter, and there is a large school to which the sons of chiefs and the richer natives come as boarders. "About twenty boys sat down with us to dinner every day," Bishop Smythies writes in his last report. The chief drawback to this district is the fear of raids by the Gwangwara, but since 1883 there has been no hostile action on the part of this fierce tribe, who have been visited by several of the missionaries at the risk of their lives.

The chief station of the Nyassa district is on the island of Lukoma, in the middle of the lake. Here, and at the two neighbouring stations on the east coast, nine Englishmen are at work under Archdeacon Maples, one of whom, the Rev. W. P. Johnson, travels up and down the eastern lake-shore in the *Charles Janson* steamer, named after a well-loved missionary ("our saintly brother," the bishop calls him), who died on the station some years back. "I hope our cabin," Mr. Johnson writes, "will become more and more of a school class-room and chapel, though it must be a saloon, sleeping-

room, library, and pantry as well. Several signs of real spiritual influence spreading have encouraged us all."

The third, or Magila, district lies in Usumbara, some eighty miles to the north of Zanzibar, and is worked by nineteen English under Archdeacon Farler. There are four stations, Magila being the central one, which has a fine stone church and a home for one hundred and fifteen boys. Peace and security reign now all round the mission.[1] A market, attended regularly by from two to three thousand traders, is established close by. "The place is the scene of the busiest activity; English working-men of several trades are here surrounded by African apprentices, and the African is not only taught to read and brought to know God and His love, but is now willing to work regularly for daily wages." A sisterhood trains large classes of women. "Three of our most promising teachers," says the last Report, "are Mahommedan converts." The difficulty of getting hold of the boys, who at first went off whenever they were spoken to, has been overcome, one is glad to learn, by the Rev. J. C. Key. He enticed some of the elder boys to play football, and "when they have thoroughly enjoyed that there is some chance of their coming regularly to school. So it is distinctly part of one's work, even in a tropical climate, to play football and amuse children that one may win them." One more extract from the Archdeacon's letters may be given in view of recent discussions. "In a number of villages in the neighbourhood of this station, where I remember seeing a mosque a few years ago, there is now

[1] November, 1888. All is now changed (March, 1889).

a school-chapel, while the mosques have fallen down and no one rebuilds them."

A glance at the map will show that while the Universities Mission has returned to the mainland, and to the scene of some of Livingstone's best work, it has abandoned the Shirè district in which it was first planted, where are the graves of four out of the five leaders,[1] and from which Mr. Horace Waller, the survivor, led away the remnant of freed men and children to the Cape in 1864.

These Shirè highlands and the district beyond them, between the western shore of Lake Nyassa and the eastern of Lake Bangweolo, had been very dear to Livingstone. In the former was the spot he had chosen for the first station of the Universities Mission, and here his Makololo followers had settled; in the latter was the grave at Ilala, where he ended his course and his heart was buried in 1874. If these were to be left as the hunting-ground of the Arab slave-dealers, success in other districts would have lost half its worth.

Happily this has not been so. The Universities Mission has only not returned to them because they have been occupied by Livingstone's own countrymen. As early as 1863 the Free Kirk had sent the Rev. Jas. Stewart as a commissioner to report on the prospects of missionary work in Nyassaland. He stayed with Bishop Mackenzie and examined the district; but the collapse of the first effort made him advise delay; meantime he had become the head of the Missionary College of Lovedale in South Africa. When the news of Livingstone's death

[1] Bishop Mackenzie, Rev. H. Scudamore, Rev. H. Burrows, and Dr. Dickenson.

thrilled England and Scotland in 1874 it was felt that the time had come. The advance was sounded by Dr. Stewart, and, laying aside all ecclesiastical rivalries, the Established Church joined hands with the Free and United Presbyterian Churches in "The Mission to Nyassa." Nobly has that mission been carried out, and promptly. In May, 1875, Mr. Young, who had so ably commanded the search for Livingstone, led the advanced guard up the Zambesi and Shirè to the Murchison Falls, carrying a steamer, the *Hala*, in sections. These were carried past the sixty miles of rapids by the Makololo. "Eight hundred of these men worked, and worked desperately, for us," Mr. Young records, "free as air to come or go as they pleased, over a road which furnished at almost every yard an excuse for an accident or hiding-place for thief or deserter, and yet at the end of sixty miles we had everything delivered up to us unhurt and untampered with, and every man merry and content with his well-earned wages."

The *Hala* was put together on the upper Shirè, and is still running on Lake Nyassa. That same year a central station was founded and named Blantyre, on the Shiré highlands, half-way between the two deserted stations of the Universities Mission. It has grown into a powerful settlement, marching with the Makololo territory, and extending its influence up to the lake. There is a large school with seventy-five boarders, twenty-five being the sons of chiefs. The neighbourhood is well cultivated, all tropical fruits abound in the gardens, and tea and coffee plantations have been successfully started. Besides the church and school there are four brick houses. £30,000 has been expended at Blantyre. There are sub-

stations at N'derani, where is a school of one hundred taught by natives under the superintendence of Mr. Scott, the head missionary, and his staff, and at Zomba, on the small lake Shirwa. Here, in the Shirè highlands, the Established Church of Scotland has paused, while her sister Churches have carried on the work to the north all along the three hundred and sixty miles of the western shore of Lake Nyassa. Their southernmost station is on the bold promontory at the south end of the lake, named Cape Maclear by Livingstone; their northern, Mweniwanda, forty miles on the road to Lake Tanganyika. The most important station between these two on the western coast is Bandawe, almost opposite to the island of Lukoma, the station of the Universities Mission, and in the country of the Angoni, the most warlike tribe of this part of Africa. These as a rule haughtily disdain to listen to the Gospel, but allow great numbers of their children to attend the missionary schools, and themselves use freely the services of the medical missions. These have been established at each station under four ordained medical men, and their progress may be judged by the fact that between 1882 and 1884 the registered number of patients rose from two to ten thousand yearly at Bandawe, the chief medical station. In the twelve years Scotland has sent out forty-three of her sons and daughters, ten of whom have died at their posts, and has expended £45,000 and upwards on the mission, the annual outlay being now upwards of £4000. Perhaps the most noteworthy of all the Scotch missionary work has been done amongst the Angoni by Kafir pupils of Dr. Stewart, trained at Lovedale and sent amongst this tribe, who still retain the Kafir's tongue in their northern home.

Not content with missionary work, Livingstone's countrymen have been developing legitimate trade, which he held to be only next in importance. The African Lakes Company, founded to assist the missions and substitute free industries for the slave-trade, have been at work now for more than twelve years.

The Company started on a small scale, and have steadily pushed on, with all the shrewdness and persistence of their race, until they have twelve trading-stations —the southernmost, Kongone, at the principal mouth of the Zambesi; the northernmost, Pambete, at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. They have thus gone far ahead of the Scotch missions, having crossed the district between the two lakes, over which they have made a road, named Stevenson's, after one of the pioneers. They have three steamers on the Zambesi, Shirè, and Lake Nyassa, and have transported a fourth for the London Missionary Society to Lake Tanganyika. They buy ivory, india-rubber, wax, oil, and other products from the natives, and have introduced indigo, tea, coffee, chinchona, and other valuable plants. Hitherto they have succeeded in stopping the liquor-traffic in the lake districts.

Side by side with the Company the firm of Buchanan Brothers is doing the very work which Livingstone longed to see begun in the Shirè highlands, and on their plantations are growing coffee, sugar, and chinchona by native labour, thus pitting freedom against slavery in the most critical point on the whole Dark Continent. Their plantations are in fact an offshoot of the mission, the senior partner having gone out as gardener with the first missionaries. Their plantations, of one, two, and

three thousand acres respectively, are on lands granted by native chiefs, at Blantyre and on Mount Zomba, where the firm have built a house for the Consul whom England still maintains there.

Lastly, the Church Missionary Society has taken ground to the north-west, on lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza. On each of these they have a steamer, and in spite of the murder of the first bishop have managed to hold their own, though obliged to abandon the station at Ujiji, where Arab influence is paramount. Besides their stations on Victoria Nyanza they have an island on Tanganyika, and another station on the highlands to the south of that lake.

Such then is the position which British devotion and energy have won on the scene of Livingstone's labours in East Central Africa. The general result may be given in the words of an African explorer by no means inclined to be an indulgent critic of missionary work :[1] "The steamers of British Missionary Societies may now be seen plying on Tanganyika and Nyassa, the Upper Congo, the Niger, Binnè, and Zambesi. . . . To British missionaries many districts of tropical Africa owe the orange, lime, mango, the cocoa-nut palm and pine apple, improved breeds of poultry, pigeons, and many useful vegetables. . . . The arrival of the first missionary is like that of one of the strange half-mythical personalities which figured in the legends of old American empires, the beneficent being who introduces arts and manufactures, implements of husbandry, edible fruits, medical drugs, cereals, and domestic animals. . . . They have made 200 translations of the Bible in native languages, with

[1] Mr. H. H. Johnston, *Nineteenth Century*, 1887, p. 723.

grammars and dictionaries." These results, however, have not been attained without rousing alarm, enmity, and open antagonism. The Arab traders scattered all over Central Africa have from the first recognised the fact that the success of British missionary and commercial stations and plantations meant in time the certain extinction of the slave-trade, by which their profits are made, and have used every means of exciting the fears and jealousies of the native tribes and chiefs. They have never ceased trying to rouse the tribes to drive out the missionaries, but hitherto with no success. Indeed, so far as the Lake Nyassa district is concerned, there were signs till lately that the leading Arabs were abandoning the slave-trade, or carrying it into other districts.

But a great change in the situation has occurred during the last year, and a crisis has arisen which has brought to a head the Central and East African controversy between cross and crescent, the slave-trade and free industry. No Englishman will doubt the final issue :

> "Set the two forces foot to foot,
> And every man knows who'll be winner,
> Whose faith in God has any root
> That goes down deeper than his dinner."

But it is equally certain that the victory has yet to be won, and will not be won easily.

In this crisis—in these early months of 1889 in its acute phase, and changing almost from day to day—the noblest and wisest missionary work which our country has ever done is in sore jeopardy. It is well that this

should be known and taken to heart as widely as possible. Had no disturbing influences come from outside, the battle was practically won in the districts of the Universities Central African Mission.

Under the influence of Sir John Kirk and his successor, and of Bishops Sterne and Smithies, the Sultan of Zanzibar had become a loyal friend to the English missions and traders on the coast, where his authority was acknowledged. From the Rovuma in the south to Usumbara in the north, it was exercised frankly in their favour, until every mission station had become a centre of civilisation, from which peace and order were spreading. Even in the inland, or Nyassa, district, where that authority was scarcely recognised, the progress was little less satisfactory.

The storm has now, however, burst upon them from two quarters, with the result that in these early months of 1889 the men at most of the missions are bravely holding on at the risk of their lives, and the women have been warned by the English Consul to withdraw to Zanzibar. The causes of this outbreak are several. First, the temporary collapse of the Congo Free State in the far north-west. This has revived the internal slave-trade. The Arabs, after taking the chief station on the Upper Congo, have established their supremacy in all the country west and south of Lake Tanganyika, while their triumph has been marked by massacres as atrocious as those witnessed by Livingstone in 1871 on the Lualaba.

As was to be looked for, the wave then swept eastward, and in the late autumn of 1887 broke on the country in which are the north-westernmost

stations of the Free Church of Scotland and the Central African Company. In the autumn of 1887 the Arab invasion came down the Stevenson road, and, after carrying fire and slaughter into the tribes bordering on the road, on November 3rd appeared in force before the African Lakes Company's station of Karonga. At that moment there were only two white men there, one being a missionary, the other a servant of the African Lakes Company. On the 4th fortunately the steamer brought up Mr. Sharp, an elephant hunter, and two others, and on the 6th Consul Hawes and Mr. Nicoll, the agent of the African Lakes Company, came in. They were just in time, for within a few days they were closely besieged, seven Englishmen with a crowd of native fugitives. They had sixty-four guns in all, but for sixteen of these, which were chassepots, only eight rounds of cartridge. After a fortnight of constant alarms the Arabs tried to storm on the 23rd and 24th, but were beaten back. On the 26th a stockade which the Arabs had thrown up close to the defence works was gallantly fired by two natives and entirely destroyed. On the 27th the siege was raised on the approach of a large native force from the north which had rallied for the succour of the station. Through 1888 the Company have been able to hold their own, but it is very doubtful how long they may be able to do so.

Again, the recent revolution in Uganda has brought that vast district practically once more under Arab control. The English Church Missions and the French Missions have had to be abandoned, and their stations and goods, including large supplies and an accumulation of letters waiting for Mr. Stanley, have been destroyed.

But the sorest trial and greatest danger have come from the coast, and from an unexpected quarter. Under the treaty, which was the result of the hunger of the nations of Europe for African territory (so remarkably developed since the opening of the Suez Canal), the protectorate over this section of the east coast, including the Rovuma and Usumbara districts, has passed to the Germans. It is useless to inquire how the assent of England was gained to this arrangement. It has been given, and the two countries are now in alliance blockading the coast for the suppression of the slave-trade, and of the importation of firearms and spirits.

Unhappily the German Government had little sympathy with the national aspiration which resulted in this treaty and protectorate, so a commercial company was entrusted with the work of colonisation within the German sphere of influence. Utterly unused to such work, without settlements or stations in the country, with no sympathy for the natives, and eager only for the gains which it was supposed would pour in from these rich tropical lands, the German African Company have made a complete failure. It is needless to dwell on their high-handed proceedings, which have roused the whole country, and banded the whole native and Arab population together against the Germans. The Company have practically acknowledged their failure by appealing to the German Parliament for help. In the last few weeks this has been granted, but in an utterly inadequate and half-hearted way. A sum of £100,000 only has been voted, with which Captain Wissman is to equip and organise a force to bring the coast into order and subjection! The Government will take no further responsibility

in the matter than the appointment of a commissioner to report at home on the Company's doings. For the rest, Prince Bismarck declares that he "never was a man for Colonies," and has grave apprehensions as to this African adventure; "Germany being now there must stay, but will take no step in East Africa which England disapproves." She has the experience which Germany needs, and the two countries are "wedded together" in their policy now, as they have been for one hundred and fifty years!

Such assurances will take Englishmen by surprise, as the great Chancellor's attitude towards this country has scarcely of late been cordial, still less deferential. They should nevertheless be frankly welcomed by England. For, shrink from it as we may, it stands out on the face of recent history that this burthen is one which in God's providence we have to bear. We cannot withdraw from East Africa if we would, and let us hope that if we could there are few Englishmen who would be cowardly enough to counsel so unworthy a step; on the other hand, we cannot now carry out the work single-handed, for already four European Powers, besides Turkey, are engaged on the problem. Of these, Portugal is still, as she was in Livingstone's day, openly conniving at the slave-trade, and has been asserting a claim to close the Zambesi, on which she has never had a station higher than Tette, and the Shirè, which she has never explored, and on which she has no station. The French, sad to say, are also conniving at the ocean slave-trade on the east coast, and, moreover, will never work with us while we remain in Egypt. The Italians have their hands full far north of Zanzibar, and of the English and German